



OUR
MOUNTAIN GARDEN

MRS. THEODORE THOMAS

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Our Mountain Garden

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THE COTTAGE, AND BED ABOVE THE WALL

Our Mountain Garden

BY

MRS. THEODORE THOMAS

(ROSE FAY)

AUTHOR OF "MEMOIRS OF
THEODORE THOMAS"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

NEW YORK

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1915

DEDICATED TO MY HUSBAND,
THEODORE THOMAS, THE COL-
LABORATOR OF OUR GARDEN,
AND TO OUR COUNTRY-LOVING
BOYS AND GIRLS.

R. F. T.

M360469

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PRELIMINARY

CHAPTER I

PRELIMINARY

AFTER the many charming books recently published about women's gardens, old and new, and the experiences of those who made them, it would seem as if there was nothing new under the sun to write on the subject of the cultivation of flowers. But gardens are like people, each one has its own character and history, and I suppose one might go on describing them indefinitely and still find something new to chronicle about each one.

Certain it is that my garden is not in the least like any other of which I have read, for it is strictly a "home-made"

OUR MOUNTAIN GARDEN

affair, and I write about it partly because it is so pleasant to tell about one's garden, and partly to encourage those who would like to make one too, and who have as few facilities for the making of it as I had; and to show what one can do without a hot-bed, hose, greenhouse, or gardener, on a wild, rock-strewn mountain side, untamed by the hand of man, and in a climate where frost can come every month in the year; where the mercury goes twenty degrees below zero in winter; and where water and fertilizers are at a premium.

Furthermore, when I started my garden, I was myself just recovering from a long period of invalidism, and could boast of but little physical strength for digging and planting, and, finally, I had no knowledge at all of any of the necessary garden-

PRELIMINARY

ing processes. Under such a combination of adverse circumstances I naturally had at first no idea or intention of making a garden at all,—and, indeed, I never did make one in the ordinary acceptation of the term. If all my plantings were compacted together, I doubt if they would cover half an acre, and one would look in vain on our place for trellises, arbours, flowery borders, and other such adjuncts of a proper garden.

When we bought our mountain home, the land was a wild, uncultivated tract of about twenty-five acres upon the mountain side. It was partly wooded, and strewn with great boulders of all kinds and sizes. At its lower end flowed a tiny brook, which spread, over a small hollow, into an ugly marsh. The underbrush grew on all sides so rankly that

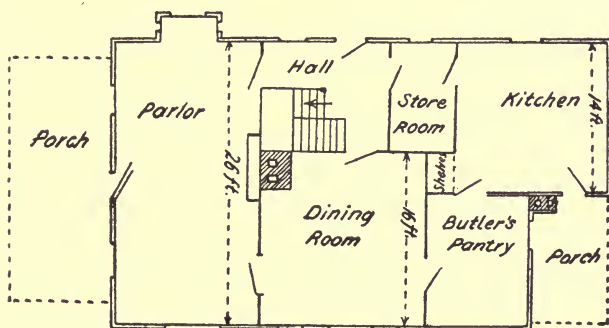
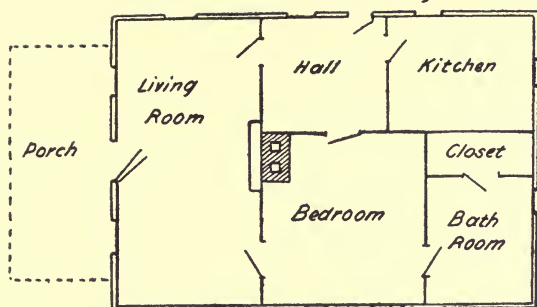
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one could not walk twenty feet from the house. In short, it was as unpromising a bit of land as one could find.

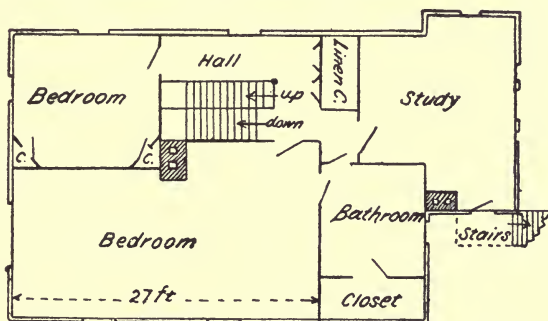
Strange to say, this was just what we wanted. My husband's overworked nerves needed to be strengthened by out-of-door life, and illness had made the same kind of medicine imperative also for me. Therefore, in seeking a country place, we wished for one where the air was dry, the temperature even and cool, and where there was plenty of work which we could do out of doors with our own hands.

The building of the tiny cottage was intrusted to my charge, and, with the aid of an architect relative, the simple but convenient plans were soon drawn, and local masons and carpenters were employed to execute them. How pleasant was the building of that little home! Having no

Original Plan



After alteration 1st and 2nd Stories



PLANS OF COTTAGE BEFORE AND AFTER ALTERATION.

PRELIMINARY

professional architect to bother me, and a contractor who was amiability itself to carry out my wishes, I had everything my own sweet way. Seated on a nail keg, I watched the whole fascinating process, and, if doors and windows did not look right when they were in place, we just took them out again and put them somewhere else! The stairs and partitions I drew out on the floor as each story went up, with sticks, or strings, or anything that came handy, and I fear there was not much of the architect's plan left when the cottage was finally finished! We did not even build it all at once, but started with five rooms, and year by year added to it as we felt inclined. So the house grew as the garden did, little by little.

I had, however, provided for this contingency when constructing the original

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building; and it was planned in such a way that it might be added to almost anywhere, without tearing it down, or altering partitions. Consequently, in all our subsequent building operations, we lived serenely on in our first quarters, quite undisturbed by the constructive process, till the new rooms were ready to move into.

This is, to my thinking, quite an ideal way to build a house; and the final result is sure to be convenient and practical, for one does not add a room until experience has shown one just what kind of a room to add. At first the house — of which the ground dimensions were twenty-eight by forty feet — consisted of but one floor, with an unfinished attic above, and no cellar at all below. The accompanying plans show the original tiny cottage, and how it was gradually developed into a

PRELIMINARY

house of comfortable dimensions, the arrangements of which, though simple, are unusually convenient and practical for a small family in the country.

While I was thus occupying myself in the construction of the house, the head of the family, to whom, in Europe, they give the pretty honorary title of "Meister," — a title also much in favour amongst our intimates at home, — energetically attacked the grounds. He had never before lived in the real country or given any thought to "landscape architecture," as it is called nowadays. But we were building and planning our own place for our own pleasure. There was no one to object to our ideas or criticise our methods, so he took the same course out of doors that I had followed within, and little by little, under his artistic hand, the rough, unkempt

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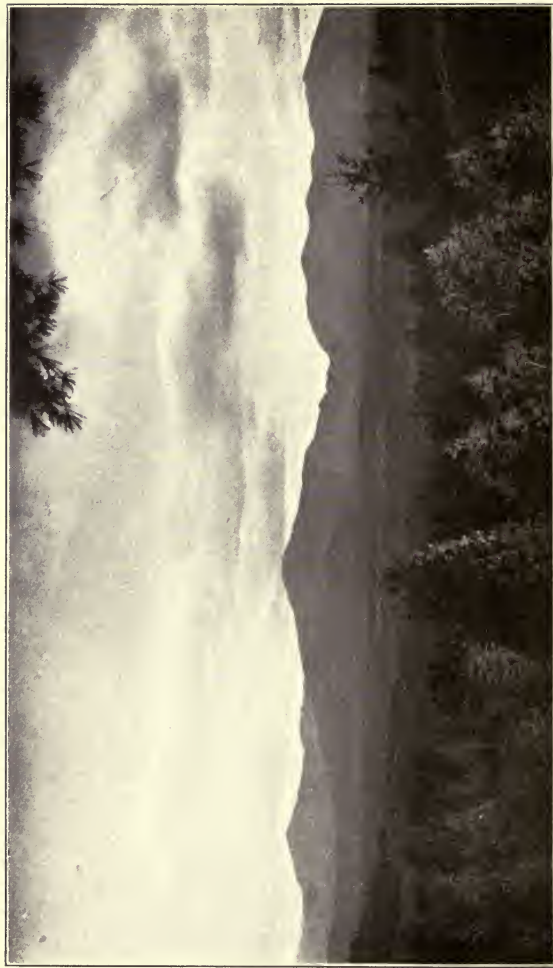
aspect of the land was softened to a graceful wildness. Avenues were made to sweep broadly over accommodating clearings; wayward paths meandered alluringly through the woods; the marsh was turned into a pond; ugly, unsightly growths were pruned away, and pretty nooks and corners began to appear, which seemed to call for flowers and vines to add grace and colour to complete their beauty, as a pretty girl enhances the beauty of her costume by a rosebud in her hair.

It is difficult to tell just how all this was accomplished by its designer, for it came about gradually, year by year, as seasons came and went. The plans for it were not sketched on paper, nor made all at once, but in winter nights, when the nervous strain and excitement incident to the musician's life had driven away all

PRELIMINARY

possibility of sleep, he would turn his thoughts to our country home, and plan the main lines of the avenues and paths to be made the following summer, till, lulled by the memory of its whispering pines, and tranquillized by pictured fantasies of mountains, woods, and summer skies, "sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care" would come at last, and draw its veil of sweet oblivion.

THE SECRET OF THE SOIL



FRANCONIA MOUNTAIN HORIZON AT SUNSET

CHAPTER II

THE SECRET OF THE SOIL

OUR place, which we call "Felsengarten" (The Garden of Rocks), stands—or rather hangs suspended halfway 'twixt heaven and earth—on the southern slope of a New Hampshire mountain. Below us, over an ocean of green tree-tops, we look up and down the valleys of the Gale and Landaff rivers, and beyond the gorges where flow these impetuous streams, the eye climbs up and up the bold slopes of the Franconia Mountains, and passes at length above the limit of vegetation to the climax of the picture on the granite summit of Mt. Lafayette. Nowhere in America, I think, can there be found a

OUR MOUNTAIN GARDEN

horizon line at once so graceful and so majestic as this, and when one adds to the wonderful beauty of the form and proportion of the mountains, the marvellous and ever changing colour effects produced upon them by the vegetation, the atmosphere, and the sun shining on or through floating clouds, one has a picture so wonderfully reposeful in its quiet dignity, and so uplifting in its strange celestial transparency, that it is not to be adequately described in words, and only a Beethoven could express it in music. To look at these mountains when they are illuminated by the sunset glow, is to behold heaven itself shining against the horizon.

In this magnificent prospect there is little to be found of the work of man. A meadow or two, an occasional field of grain, or farm building, are the only

THE SECRET OF THE SOIL

signs of human habitation. For the rest, all is wild, free, and natural. Trackless forests clothe the mountains as far as the eye can reach in every direction, and approach even to our very door, and many a visit the wild denizens of these leafy fastnesses pay to our premises through the summer. Deer, bears, foxes, woodchucks, rabbits, and many other kinds of wild creatures frisk over, or crawl under, our fences at will, and find neither guns nor traps awaiting them, and birds of every kind belonging to these altitudes nest fearlessly in our trees, eat at our bird table, bathe in our bird bathtub, and sing gloriously of their satisfaction in the pleasures provided for them. When we first came here we were told that we must have the little red squirrels and chipmunks killed, for

OUR MOUNTAIN GARDEN

they would take the birds' eggs. Accordingly we bought a trap and squirrel martyrs to the number of three found their way into it, and subsequently into a watery death. But this sort of thing was not to our taste, for, sooth to say, we liked to see the squirrels in our trees quite as well as the birds, and did not at all enjoy being their executioners. So we concluded to let nature take care of its own in the matter, and thereafter, instead of killing our saucy little red tenants, I put a comfortable hollow log up in a tree near my window, well stuffed with cotton wool. Below, on the tree, I fastened one of those shelf-like *fungi* which grow on rotting stumps, to serve as a dinner table, and here every morning and evening I laid a handful of corn and a few nuts.

THE SECRET OF THE SOIL

How quickly bright eyes found all these little comforts! Inside of a week a mother squirrel and two babies had moved into the log, and from that day to this the dainty, graceful creatures frisk in and out unharmed, and add one of its prettiest features to our surroundings.

And the birds? Well, I do not know how they manage to elude the fat and saucy foe, but certain it is that they are more numerous every year, and they keep up such a career of raising fresh broods all summer that I think the wicked squirrels make but small inroads on their families after all. At all events, the birds show little fear of them, for I have often seen birds and squirrels feeding from the same table, and if the squirrels come over and steal the food of the birds, the latter are quite equal to returning

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the compliment and picking crumbs off the table of the squirrels. My private opinion is that it would take a champion squirrel to handle any of the Felsengarten birds, for they are past masters of the noble art of self-defence, and keep their claws and beaks in good practice by fighting each other all day long! One day the Meister looked out of the window and beheld two of them lying prone upon the grass, clutching each other so fiercely by the throat that they paid no heed to his pounding on the window, nor yet when he went out and shouted to them from the piazza, and it was not until he had descended to the ground, and almost reached them, as they lay struggling in the grass, that the combatants finally let go their savage clinch and flew off. This exhibition of ferocity on the part of

THE SECRET OF THE SOIL

creatures he had hitherto supposed to be the gentlest and most delicate examples of animated nature, was, I regret to say, such a shock to all his preconceived ideas, that it seriously cooled his ardour toward our birds, and caused him to regard them thereafter as ruffians and swashbucklers, useful and ornamental in the trees where they belonged, but whose nearer acquaintance he did not care to cultivate! Indeed, "self-preservation is the first law of nature" with us, as with the rest of the world, and all our wild creatures seem to be perfectly able to take care of "number one," and have no intention of putting up with imposition from anybody.

In such wild surroundings a formal garden, even could it have been made (which is doubtful), would have been not only

OUR MOUNTAIN GARDEN

incongruous, but a positive impertinence to nature. But as I sat upon the cottage piazza of an evening watching the mountains turn from velvet green to every imaginable shade of purple, lilac, blue, and pink in the infinite gradations of the setting sunlight, there was always present one inharmonious note, like an ill-tuned string in an orchestra, which thrust itself aggressively on my notice after the manner of unresolved dissonances.

The entrance drive of the place is an avenue, long and broad, which stretches from the gate to the cottage at a level a few feet above that of the front door. After passing the house it descends a little, and terminates in a large circular turning place, and the portion between the house and the circle is supported upon a long retaining wall built of rough stones and fin-



THE WALL BEFORE PLANTING

THE SECRET OF THE SOIL

ished on top by a row of ugly, shapeless, irregular boulders.

This long, ragged wall was the discordant note, and ever and anon as my eye fell upon it I felt that its harsh outline needed toning down in some way. At last I decided what to do, and the next day I secured the assistance of a neighbouring lad and sent him to the nearest meadow to dig up a wheelbarrow full of "black-eyed Susans," while I collected from a wayside shrub a handful of the berries of the brilliant, red-berried elder.

These treasures I lost no time in putting into the ground. The black-eyed Susans were planted—that is to say, poked in—below the wall, and the little red berries were also poked in on the upper side of the boulders above. I knew these two plants to be the hardiest and most irrepressible of

OUR MOUNTAIN GARDEN

weeds, and so I had no doubt but that when I returned the next year I should find a long hedge of the vivid yellow blossoms lighting up the gray wall from below, and a thriving array of vigorous elders draping the boulders, and giving promise of hanging their scarlet clusters over them above. A few of the red berries were left over from this planting, and stood uncared for in the little basket in which I had collected them in the sun for several weeks, when, wanting the basket for something else, I shook them out on to the ground, not noting where they fell.

Fortunate it is that we cannot foresee the disastrous failures which generally await our virgin efforts in any field! When I got back again the following spring, the unkillable Susans were all as dead as Pharaoh, and as for the elders, they had

THE SECRET OF THE SOIL

never been born, and the ugly wall still stared me boldly in the eye, as bare, ragged, and unregenerate as ever.

But even a little experience teaches wisdom, and thus I was led to meditate that perchance the ground was too hard, and that was why my plantings had not lived. Therefore I decided to try digging a little strip a foot wide at the base of the wall, and planting alternate wild clematis vines, and geraniums from a florist's. And as the bed looked small and easy, and the handy lad next door was not available then, I thought I would just dig it for myself.

The soil was a heavy clay, made hard by the sun and frost, and in order to get my spade in at all I had to stand on it and rock it from side to side until my weight gradually worked it in. I have a

OUR MOUNTAIN GARDEN

dear little spade, by the way, the most beautiful that ever was seen. It was given to me one Christmas as a joke — one of the nice kind of practical jokes, which are as much fun for the joked as for the joker. It arrived in one of those long American Beauty rose boxes, in company with a hoe and rake to match. All three implements were made of the best steel, the handles of oak, in antique finish, and the blades silver plated and gilded. They were wrapped in many folds of white tissue paper, and tied together with a red ribbon, attached to which was a sprig of holly and a poem. The spade appealed to my heart particularly, and I can recommend it to all women who contemplate digging in clay. It had a straight top to stand on, a good crosspiece on the handle to hold on to, and a sharp point,

THE SECRET OF THE SOIL

like the ace of spades, which worked its way through even the toughest propositions in the way of soil. But even with this admirable implement I was many weeks digging that little strip of earth and crumbling it between my fingers, and midsummer had arrived before the clematis and geraniums were planted there at last.

When all was done the effect must have been simply pathetic, considering how hard I had worked. But heaven has given me a lively imagination, and when an encouraging husband cast his eye over my achievement and remarked with grave approval that "those red flowers already dressed the wall amazingly," I gazed fondly upon the little specks of scarlet against the wildness of gray and thought so too!

But whether the result was failure or

OUR MOUNTAIN GARDEN

success, my work was not in vain after all, for all unconsciously I had discovered the first great secret of successful flower growing, namely: that before planting anything the bed must be dug to the depth of about two feet, all the stones, roots, and other foreign matter taken out, and the soil crumbled till it is fine and mellow. Unless one is willing to take this trouble at the start, it is futile to plant at all, for even black-eyed Susans, the worst of weeds, will not grow in an unprepared bed.

And now I began to have deep thoughts in regard to preparing soil, for had I not read the books of the Wise Ones in regard to the subject? One and all recommended for every species of plant a "deep sandy loam, moist and well drained," as the first essential of its

THE SECRET OF THE SOIL

being. But how was I going to get a deep sandy loam, moist and well drained, on a rough mountain where a backbone of granite was overlaid with a bed of hard-pan, sprinkled thinly on the surface with leaf mould of the forest? This last was my salvation, only I did not know it, and laboriously started to make my needed "sandy loam" by employing the Handy Lad to haul on to my new bed a load of sand. Many a time and oft since then have I wished that same sand out again, for it was not an improvement, and only helps the little moisture that is there to slip out and evaporate faster than before. Probably I put on too much, for a little sand goes a great way I find.

According to the books of the Wise Ones, an indefinite number of inches of

OUR MOUNTAIN GARDEN

manure should have been put two feet below the surface of my bed, and the filling should have been added in alternate layers of soil, manure, wood-ashes, *et cetera*. I had neither the manure nor the *et cetera* to use in that reckless style, but I forked in as much wood-ashes as I dared, and all the pine needles and autumn leaves I could collect from under the nearest trees, and in a twelvemonth more discovered that I had found out a very important point in regard to preparing the soil in such localities as mine. Dry, barren sand was not the stuff to lighten our soil with, save in very smallest quantities, but vegetable matter was. Leaves, pine needles, lawn clippings, old sods, anything and everything of a vegetable character, forked into the soil thoroughly, will give the texture all

THE SECRET OF THE SOIL

plants love, and at the same time fertilize and enrich it, and help it to retain its all-important moisture. In my experience the texture of the soil is the most important element about it. In one way or another it must be made porous and kept so. Eternal stirring will make even hard-pan nourish flowers, and mine grow better with a moderate amount of fertilizer thoroughly mixed into soil which is frequently stirred, or as gardeners say, "cultivated," than with tons of it spread on top of a hard, stiff surface.

THE SECRET OF THE SEED

CHAPTER III

THE SECRET OF THE SEED

FORTUNE is said to help those who help themselves, and thus I soon received another enlightenment regarding the growing of green things.

It will be remembered that a few of my red elderberries were left in the bottom of the basket, like Hope in the box of Pandora, and that by accident they were dried in the sun and shaken out on to the ground in the fall. They happened to fall on good ground which had been prepared for the reception of grass seed.

OUR MOUNTAIN GARDEN

The grass, for reasons best known to itself, did not sprout, but the red elderberries—probably for the contrary reasons—did, and one day, as I strayed over the spot, my eye was arrested by seeing the unfamiliar little seedlings all up, wide awake, and ready for business. I did not know what they were, but they had that knowing look which good plants always have the moment the first leaves are above the ground, so I saved and cherished them, I “pricked” them into pots, as florists call it, put them in sun and shade, fertilized, transplanted, and in general fussed at them enough to have killed anything but an elder, and, in fact, did kill most of them. But a few lived and grew big enough to reveal their identity, and I made a hedge of them around the cottage porch, where they took hold



THE COTTAGE, AND WILLOW HEDGE RAISED FROM CUTTINGS ROOTED IN A PAN OF
MOIST SAND

THE SECRET OF THE SEED

and throve mightily. And this revealed to me another gardening secret, namely : that one must dry one's seeds thoroughly in the sun till they are ripe, and sow them in fine, well-prepared earth, if one wants them to germinate and sprout.

And now I went about committing highway robbery on all roadside shrubs, and private burglary on those in my friends' gardens, and pocketing all the hips and haws, berries, acorns, nuts, and seed pods I could find. I hung them all in a muslin bag to dry in the sun, and when the fall came I sowed them all in the same way and place as I had sowed the elders of the previous year. But this time they were all raked in and pressed down. Of course many of them failed to sprout, because some seeds prefer to be sowed in the spring, and I had yet to learn about

OUR MOUNTAIN GARDEN

them. But all those that prefer fall sowing, and need the frosts of winter to crack their outer shells, and the long period of spring moisture to open and swell the hearts within, sprouted and came up, and the following spring I had such an array of roses, elders, poppies, and miscellaneous seedlings of all kinds that I knew not what to do with them.

It will be remembered that the narrow strip below the wall had been sparsely planted with alternate wild clematis and scarlet geraniums. But now that I had seedlings of my own raising, I looked with scorn upon such a makeshift as tender greenhouse products raised by some one else. So I widened the strip and planted it as full as possible of the precious seedlings, wholly regardless of what they would grow to by and by, or of the colours or

THE SECRET OF THE SEED

forms they were likely to develop. My one idea then being simply to fill the bed with something — anything — that would grow and blossom and decorate that ragged wall in the shortest possible time. The succession of blossoms, the colour combinations possible, and the proper grouping as to size, shape, or habit of growth I had not as yet thought anything about. I only felt vaguely that that wall might be beautiful instead of ugly, and groped blindly for the means of transformation. But although I crowded this strip as full as it would hold of my new seedlings, there still remained many more than it had space for. My next step, therefore, was to start a new shrubbery above the wall for them.

The new bed, into which my vaulting ambition leaped over the obdurate stone

OUR MOUNTAIN GARDEN

wall, was seemingly a vast affair. At least I thought so as I patiently dug it with my trusty little spade day after day, and made such slow progress that summer began to wane and still it was only half done. At length I had ignominiously to call on the Handy Lad next door for help. He came, and in half a day his sturdy arms had dug and crumbled the soil of the other half of the bed, which, it appears, was not so big after all ! At last it was ready, and the soil as well prepared as my inexperience permitted, and I proceeded with enthusiasm to plant in it the seedlings for the reception of which it had been made. But although the expedition of the Handy Lad had caused me to change my views in regard to the size of the bed, I now speedily changed them back again, for I found that fifty little inch-

THE SECRET OF THE SEED

high seedlings did not go far toward filling a bed one hundred feet long and from ten to sixteen feet wide! In fact, they did not show at all, and when I gazed upon my summer's work it was with a spirit decidedly chastened.

THE SECRET OF CUTTINGS

CHAPTER IV

THE SECRET OF CUTTINGS

IN this emergency something must be done, and quickly too, for I was too impatient to wait a whole year for the sprouting of a second crop of seeds, at that stage of my education—I know better now, and count a year but a short time to wait for any garden venture. So I consulted again the books of the Wise Ones, and found in one of them a most alluring receipt for the speedy manufacture of small shrubs. This florist states that if the end of a tender green twig is broken off at exactly the right moment of its career, and planted with a great many others in a shal-

OUR MOUNTAIN GARDEN

low pan or dish filled with sand covered with water, which is kept constantly in the sunlight for from ten to twenty days, each little twig thus treated will send forth roots and become an independent plant. This was an enchanting prospect for one with such an expanse of empty bed to be colonized, so I again set forth on a pillaging expedition; but this time it was not seeds, but twigs, that I was after, and wherever I went the "tail of my eye" was always alert to spy out the tender shoots on every shrub which could be broken off—for, it seems, they must be tender enough to be *broken*, not cut, if the experiment is to be successful. At least this is the rule, though I confess that I was not always careful to observe it, being loath to leave good twigs behind merely because they were a little tough. These twigs were

THE SECRET OF CUTTINGS

brought home, most of their leaves trimmed off, and then they were stuck into the pan of wet sand, and placed in a sunny window according to the directions.

No one, who has not tried this method of rooting slips in an ordinary house, has any adequate realization of the rapidity with which the sun swings over the sky, or the difficulty of carrying out the apparently simple instruction to "keep the clippings in the sun;" and the following month was mainly spent in mad endeavour to keep the sun shining continuously on that wretched pan. No sooner had I propped it up on chairs and stools in one window, than off would move the sun behind a tree or over an awning, and necessitate the construction of a new scaffold of furniture at a different height or angle to catch his fleeting glances at

OUR MOUNTAIN GARDEN

another. At one time I fondly thought I had solved the problem by setting the pan in the middle of the lawn where the sun could not get away. But I soon found that would not do, for there the sun was so hot that it evaporated the water off the sand in half an hour, and after one or two narrow escapes, in which my poor clippings were nearly wilted past recall, I was glad to return to scaffold building for them in the house once more.

But patience will have its perfect work in the end if you can only hold out long enough, besides which I was cheered by the wayside in this experiment, by the absorbing interest of pulling up the cuttings every day to see how they were getting on, and so was able to keep track of the whole process. It was wonderful to see how the buried end of each cutting

THE SECRET OF CUTTINGS

slowly swelled as if something was starting within, and then became studded with tiny white specks, which proved to be the points of sturdy rootlets, and pushed out boldly into the sand till all were ready for transplanting.

This was a triumph even greater than when my first seeds sprouted, and my satisfaction was unbounded as I set these precious acquisitions into the big bed, carefully shading and watering them until they began to put forth new leaves, and appeared to announce that they were now well established in their new home.

When new leaves start it is all the same as if the plant said to you, "I'm all right now," and you need not be anxious over that plant any more. But as long as it is at a standstill in the matter of leaves, take care of it,—it is the danger signal,

OUR MOUNTAIN GARDEN

and means that it has had to give its mind to something else. Still worse is the sign when leaves turn yellow or brown, curl up, and drop off. Then you may know your plant is sick, and must diagnose its case and find a remedy quickly, or you will lose it. And this holds good with every green thing, from the tiniest plant to the tallest tree. The leaves are always its expression of well-being or its signal of distress; one must never disregard their messages.

My success in rooting cuttings in sand, water, and sunlight encouraged me so much that I kept my little pan travelling from window to window all summer long. A short interval came, however, when I was called from home for several weeks, and the very day before I started a friend brought me a little bunch of the most prom-

THE SECRET OF CUTTINGS

ising and precious cuttings, which I very much wished to root. What was to be done? I had not the heart to inflict upon a long-suffering husband the sun-pursuing operations involved in the pan method of rooting, and no one else on the place would have had the patience to attend to it. In this emergency I remembered that in the dim ages of the past, when I was a child, I had seen some one root a geranium twig by just sticking it into well-moistened ground out of doors and covering it with a flower pot. So I thought I would try reviving this method. The cuttings were trimmed and stuck into the soil on the shady side of a large shrub, the ground well moistened, and then they were left to look after themselves. On my return I found many of them still fresh and green, and in the course of time they took root and grew

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nicely. This method is by no means as sure as the other, and by it one loses a larger percentage of the cuttings. Still, I often employ it, for it is no trouble at all, and is an easy way of increasing certain shrubs which root easily from cuttings, but do not send out shoots from their own roots which one can cut off and transplant.

There is, of course, a great difference in the rooting capacities of different shrubs. Some root very easily, while others take a long time, or decline to do it altogether. Again, some will root if taken at the right season but not at other times of the year, while others are willing to respond at almost any time. I did not trouble myself much about keeping to instructions on this point, but brought home everything I found, and stuck it into the ever ready pan, and as fast as any slip withered at the top,

THE SECRET OF CUTTINGS

or decayed at the bottom, I pulled it out and put another in its place. In preparing the slips I first cut them down to about four inches in length, then I trim off all but the two terminal leaves, and if these leaves are more than an inch or two in length, I cut even half of them off. The object of this is to give the slip as little work as possible to do in the way of supporting leaves, so that all its strength may go to the formation of the new roots. Care must also be taken to provide plenty of moisture, for if the slip is allowed to become dry, even for a short time, the leaves will wither, and when that happens it cannot in most cases be revived. If the water stands on, and completely saturates, the sand in which the cuttings are rooting, then they can bear the heat of the full sunshine, but if the sand or earth is only damp,

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and not wet, then they must be entirely excluded from the heat of the sun until the new roots are formed, otherwise the evaporation from the leaves takes place faster than the stems of the cuttings can supply, and they will dry up. At least this is my experience, and I have rooted a great variety of them successfully.

PAINTING THE LANDSCAPE

CHAPTER V

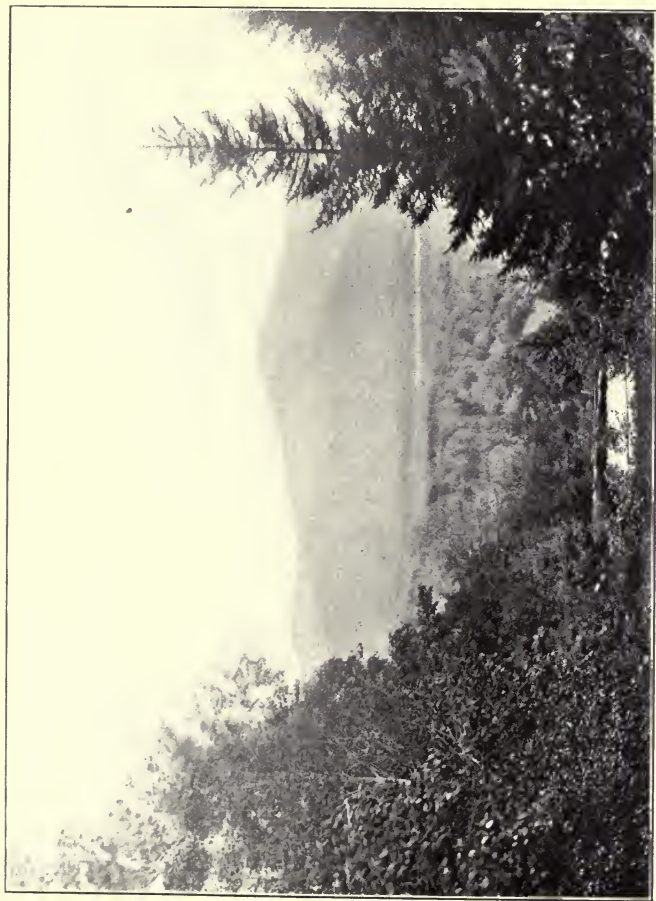
PAINTING THE LANDSCAPE

FELSENGARTEN, as I have said, is situated halfway up the slope of a mountain. The cottage stands on a broad terrace in a large clearing which we purposely keep free of trees in order to command the full sweep of the superb mountain view to which I alluded in a former chapter. The Wise Ones tell us that the view would look better, the mountains higher, and their colouring brighter, if we would interrupt the horizon here and there with a splendid tree. But to me its greatest charm is that I can see the whole stretch of eastern sky clear and free, without having to crane

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around big tree trunks, or peer through branches for both ends of the rainbow, when there is one.

Ah, those rainbows, how glorious they are! Nothing in the way of scenery could be more enchanting than one of those great gleaming, double, and sometimes triple, arches of coloured light, resting on billows of verdant tree-tops, overshadowed by threatening thunder-clouds, and framing within their shining arcs the rock-crowned peak of Lafayette — now a transparent purple wraith, the mere spirit of a mountain, glowing softly through a veil of mist! True emblems of hope and promise, the blacker the tempest lowers above them the brighter smiles their steadfast gleam. I should be sorry indeed to have that sight broken in twain by even the best of trees.



Mt. LAFAYETTE

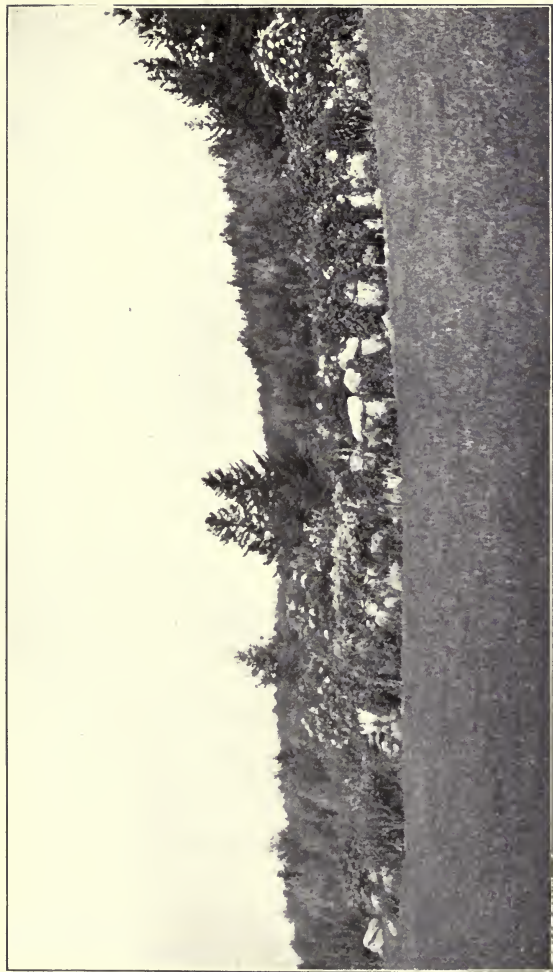
PAINTING THE LANDSCAPE

Hence, our clearing is kept free of trees on that side of the house. But, although trees are banished there, nature is allowed a free hand with other growths, and lavishly has she taken advantage thereof, and filled it with grasses and ferns, goldenrod, hardhack, asters, fireweed, everlasting, yarrow, and I know not how many other wild and luxuriant flowering plants. This ever blooming wilderness is, however, not brilliant, but, on the contrary, its tones are low and rich. Its greens are olive, its yellows tinged with brown, its reds incline to purple, and its whites to gray. On the upper edge of this wild open space is the little plateau where stands the cottage, and here we have allowed ourselves the luxury of a well-kept lawn, and the pure, fresh green of this, contrasting with the turkish-rug

OUR MOUNTAIN GARDEN

effect of the wild part, is very cool and pleasant to the eye. Above this, again, is the stone wall, with its brilliant mass of cultivated flowers, set like a jewel amidst the encircling green, and still farther above is the sombre line of the forest rising tier above tier as far as the eye can reach.

Black and white illustrations give very little idea of floral effects, just because they are black and white, but the masses of bright colour placed here, with the granite of wall or ledge jutting through, is very effective, and harmonizes with the wilderness around as the oasis harmonizes with the desert. Little by little I added other beds, large or small, to the vicinity of the cottage, until I decided that I had reached the right proportion of colour, and that more flowers here would detract from instead of adding to the beauty of the picture.



THE WALL AFTER PLANTING

PAINTING THE LANDSCAPE

It is always a temptation, when seeds sprout, and runners put forth from precious shrubs, to save the healthy little treasures by enlarging old beds, or adding new ones to the garden space. This is all right where one has a real garden, but, in the sort of garden I am telling about, it is very easy to ruin one's effects instead of heightening them by too much decoration. It is like fussy trimming on a dress, and, if one has nobody to give the little plants to, then one must ruthlessly dig them up and throw them away, and sternly resist the temptation to enlarge the floral masses beyond the limits of artistic proportion.

The dominating idea in the cultivation of Felsengarten has been to keep it as nearly as possible as nature made it. In planning its walks, its little pond, its grot-

OUR MOUNTAIN GARDEN

tos and rustic benches, and in the treatment of rocks, woods, springs, and other natural features, it was our endeavour to produce nothing which was not already there, but to enhance, as far as our taste and judgment allowed, the natural features of the location.

Thus the Meister, in planning his avenues, followed the natural indications of the land. The woods were cleared of unsightly rubbish, and trees pruned, or cut out only where they crowded each other unduly. Otherwise they were left wild. The weeds and overgrowth on ledges and boulders were cleared away, and an occasional touch of rugged stone exposed, and — highest triumph of all — the rank, ugly swamp was metamorphosed into a charming pond, with brook and waterfall.

This last was no small achievement for

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one unused to engineering problems, for the little hollow where he wanted that pond to stay was by no means at the bottom of the mountain, but only at the bottom of our part of it, — a very different thing, — and the water had no intention of standing still in our pond when it was only halfway downhill! But the Meister is gifted with the grace of continuance, and when the water leaked out of his pond overnight, after his cohorts had been working for weeks to dam it in, he patiently recalled them for a fresh start, and had the dam built all over again. Three times the brook was diverted from its course, the pond dug deeper, and the heavy masonry of the dam strengthened, and then at last the water gave up the struggle and yielded itself an unwilling prisoner; and that which had been the

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most hopelessly ugly part of the place was transformed into its very prettiest spot. It was suggested to the Meister that he could stock his pond with trout, and add the much-needed variety of an occasional dish of them to our somewhat monotonous mountain fare. But he would none of this. "What!" said he, "first feed a creature, and then eat it?—I do not like that idea. I wish one could get on without this everlasting killing and eating of meat, but, since that is not practicable, let us at least not devour our friends!" So the pond still remains untenanted by fish, but other kinds of live things seem to have taken up their residence in it, with the result that we often see little poachers in fur or feathers untroubled by any such scruples of conscience embellishing *their* dinners at its margin!



THE POND

PAINTING THE LANDSCAPE

With the exception of the pond, and some of the very heavy chopping and clearing, the work of improvement on our place has been done by the Meister's own hands, with rarely any other assistance than that of the "Handy Lad," so often mentioned in these pages (who, by the way, has grown up into a clever young man since he first appeared in them). And, with no other teacher than nature and experiment, the secrets of forestry and landscape architecture gradually revealed themselves to him, as those of planting and growing came to me, and after a while he evolved a very simple and practical method of planning and carrying out his improvements.

Before leaving Felsengarten in the fall, he would select the locality he meant to improve the following summer, and wander over every inch of it until he was familiar

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with all its features; and its trees and boulders, humps and hollows, and general topography were "photographically lined on the tablet of his mind." During the winter he would plan his improvements, and the following spring he was ready to put them into execution. First he would clear the section of rubbish, ragged growths, inferior trees, dead branches, and other unsightly objects. Then he would stake out the path or avenue to be constructed, and, beginning at one end, he and his young assistant would work at it quietly, day by day, and as the work progressed the embellishment of the adjacent land naturally suggested itself.

When all was completed to his satisfaction he would call me, and, indicating with an expressive sweep of the arm some shady nook or sunny clearing, would remark,

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with a confidence in my powers which fired ambition, "Put red colour there:" or, "No red here, but dark blue and gold." And then I would take up the work in my turn, and try to paint in the desired colour with flowers. It was not always easy to put "red colour," nor yet "dark blue and gold," in the places indicated, for they were often spots where none of the reds, blues, or yellows of my acquaintance would consent to blossom. But there was nevertheless a certain excitement about experimenting, and much instruction evolved from each effort. It was as if Dame Nature had said, "I dare you to put it there." And, whenever I got the better of her and succeeded, it was a victory indeed, besides introducing me to new flowers, or teaching me about hitherto unknown traits in the old ones.

In all my plantings, however, the domi-

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nating idea was to make the flowers look as if they had grown there of themselves, and as I thought nature might have placed them had she been inclined. In the large beds of cultivated flowers near the house, this, of course, was impossible, for nature never decorates in quite that way. Therefore I was careful to set these beds in an environment of lawn, — which is also an artificial, and not a natural growth, — and the combination of colours in these flower masses presently came to be very carefully considered in the endeavour to produce a well-balanced and perfectly harmonious series of colour schemes from spring till fall, so arranged that as fast as one set of flowers faded another would blossom in its place.

Many a struggle has this idea of colour combination cost me. I had no thought

PAINTING THE LANDSCAPE

of it at first, and planted recklessly everything I could lay my hands on, anywhere a patch of unoccupied ground offered it a resting-place, quite regardless of what the ultimate size, shape, or colour would be. And it was not till they were full grown and began to blossom that I discovered pink phloxes and orange tiger lilies engaged in hand-to-hand combats of outraged colour, and other equally trying combinations. And by that time many of the shrubs were too old for transplanting, and I had to pull them out and throw them away. One year a hydrangea and a hardy larkspur, by some hocus-pocus of nature, blossomed in each other's embrace, making such a charming confusion of mingled blue and white that I longed to duplicate the effect. But, although I planted a dozen larkspurs be-

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side as many hydrangeas, the two never blossomed simultaneously again, but did so seriously incommode each other, and get into each other's sunshine, that I was soon obliged to move them into another location. Indeed, the blossoming season differs so much in different years with us, that it is necessary to leave a wide margin in calculating for colour combinations. And I even question if it would be possible anywhere to count upon the blossoming season of hardy plants definitely enough to plant artistically till one had practically tested the locality, and planted and replanted until the grouping was determined by actual experiment. Soil, moisture, altitude, climate, and even the variations of different seasons, all affect the blossoming time of shrubs and plants. It would, therefore, not be of much help

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to those living in other localities for me to name the plants grouped together in my beds, because these same plants might elsewhere blossom at different times. For the same reason I have found it advisable, in buying plants from a florist, to buy from one whose nursery is either near by, or, at least, located where the conditions are similar as to climate. For they are more likely to fulfil the promises of the catalogue if they are raised in the same kind of a climate as the one in which they will be expected to grow.

If, however, I cannot suggest the special groups which blossom simultaneously in my garden, I can say in a general way, that in a cultivated border the same laws of form and colour can be applied as a basis of arrangement that are used in any form of decorative art. The most satis-

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factory results in colour are those in which the proportion is approximately one of yellow, to two of red and five of blue. Or, one of white and three of pink, to five of light blue. In either case the primary colours should be blended together by many times their combined quantity of tertiary colours — green, gray, etc. The secondary colours, such as purple, orange, magenta, lilac, etc., can be classed as modified primaries. But it must be remembered that the relative brightness of these colours is not the same as that of the primaries, and due allowance must be made in proportioning them. Orange, for instance, is more vivid in the border than pure yellow; but magenta does not compare in brightness to scarlet, nor lilac to blue. These two colours, magenta and lilac, are best planted in rich masses, combined with a



ELDERS RAISED FROM SEED

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great deal of white. I have no combination more beautiful than that of hydrangeas flowering side by side with the pale little lilac wild asters of our northern fields. This little aster, by the way, which is charming even under the most adverse conditions, is luxuriant in a cultivated border. Each plant sends up a dozen or more stalks three feet high, which are covered with such a riotous mass of fairy flowers that they look as if enveloped in a cloud of lavender foam. A group of these plants blooming beside a gray boulder with a snowy mass of hydrangea overhead is a garden picture worth having.

In the repetition of groups, again, as in the proportion of colour, it is safe to apply the rules of decorative art, for one must have balance and proportion in form, as well as in colour, to make the

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picture harmonious. At the same time care must be exercised in the repetition of the groups to avoid making the border into a mere stiff piece of "carpet gardening," as it is called.

These are the problems that every garden-maker has to work over and solve for herself, nor, I fancy, will she ever find herself so wise, or her garden so perfect, that each successive fall and spring will not find her moving something somewhere, and experimenting with a new something in its place!

It takes many a failure before one discovers the road to success, but it is sure to be found in the end. And what a proud moment it is when the owner of some famous garden—one of the truly "wise"—casts an approving eye over one's simple efforts, and exclaims, "How

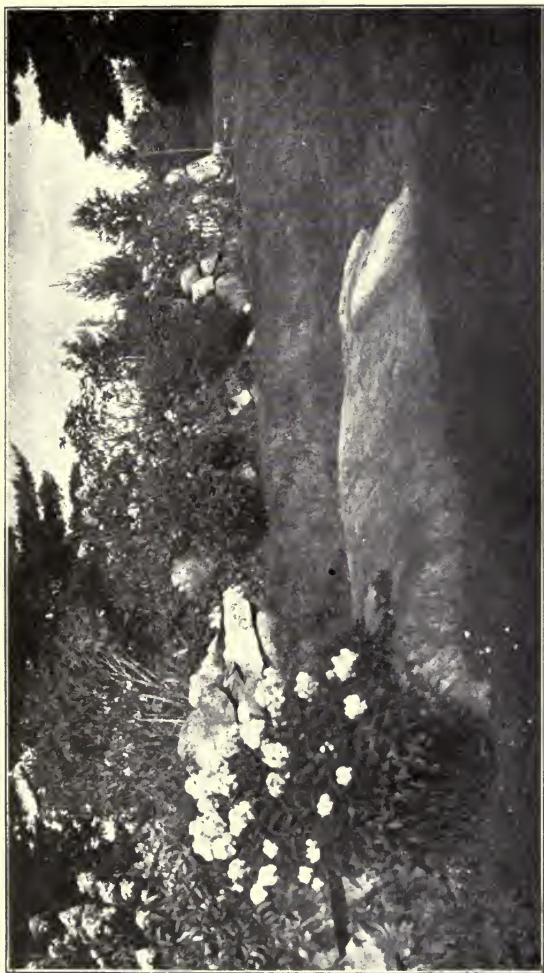
PAINTING THE LANDSCAPE

beautiful your flowers are!" and perhaps asks for a root of this or that plant! I do not know anything which instils into one's inner consciousness a more serene sense of contentment than this subtle form of flattery! But in gardening, as in all other pursuits, it is always the connoisseur who sees the good points most quickly and touches most lightly on the shortcomings, and nothing is pleasanter than to wander about the garden with such an one. Not only is he appreciative of what has been done already, but, as he walks and talks, he gives forth many helpful suggestions for future touches here and there, or imparts little practical secrets concerning easy ways of achieving results for which we have vainly laboured.

Equally pleasant is it to make a return visit and see with him his splendid do-

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main, for nothing of all its beauty escapes the eye trained by a little experience, and one enjoys and learns at every step. How jealously one looks at his specimens of the plants that are in one's own garden, to see if they are better grown and bear larger flowers than those at home! And with what immense satisfaction does one spy out those which are not so good. Alas, poor human nature! must the green-eyed monster invade even the sacred precincts of our very gardens? I fear it is even so, and confess that the very first thing I did on reading of a garden where the blossoms on the phloxes measured more than* a silver dollar, was to get a silver dollar and measure one of mine, and it cannot be denied that the result, which is here appended, produced much cheerfulness of heart.



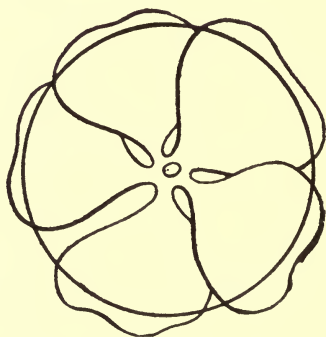
PHLOXES, WHITE AND RED

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The exchange of seeds and plants which always attends such garden visits is one of the pleasant incidents connected with them. My garden is a veritable album, and as I wander over our place I find many a dear friend or happy hour commemorated in it. This little clump of oxalis, naturalized so prettily in the woods, was gathered one lovely day when a merry party joined us in an expedition to the Profile Notch. That group of lady's-slippers came from the woods of a dear friend in Vermont. Here are moss roses from a magnificent rose garden in Massachusetts, and there are seedlings from the home of Longfellow, or willows rooted from cuttings brought from the South by Frederick Law Olmsted. Hardly a flower-loving friend have I who has not left an autograph in plant,

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or shrub, or tree in my garden, and in like manner many a thrifty plant has left my borders for those of distant friends.



SILVER-DOLLAR PHLOX

ELEMENTARY PRUNING

CHAPTER VI

ELEMENTARY PRUNING

AND now I must return once more to the first little elderberry seeds which sprouted at the beginning of all things, and taught me such a valuable lesson at the start. For their usefulness was not ended then by any means.

It will be remembered that I planted them around the porch and they waxed strong and tall. So tall in fact that presently they cut off our view of everything beyond their own green branches. So I pruned them down several times a season, in order to keep them out of the way, wondering year after year why they

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never bore any red berries but continued to produce nothing but leaves, although I knew well they were plenty old enough to be laden with scarlet clusters. Finally, still thinking of those expected masses of red, I at last put them somewhere else, and as they interfered with no view in their new home, and were now compact and symmetrical in shape, they were pruned no longer. And lo! forthwith they bedecked themselves with the long-looked-for bunches of scarlet, and then it dawned upon me that if one wants a shrub to bear flowers and fruit it is wise not to prune off the only twigs it can grow them on!

The habits of the different shrubs vary in this matter. Some have flowers and fruit on the wood made during the previous year. Others on the wood made during the same season. Each one must therefore

ELEMENTARY PRUNING

be studied on this point individually before the pruning shears are applied, and the right time for cutting determined upon. My method is to prune severely without reference to flowers or fruit, for several years, until the shrub is compact, symmetrical, and vigorous. After that I do not prune at all, except to cut away straggling branches, old dead canes, or such clipping as is necessary to prevent it from getting ragged or ugly. Left to itself in this way, with only a little guidance, the shrub will soon take its own graceful shape, which will be far more decorative than anything one can prune it into.

In planting a shrub one should ascertain at the beginning, and take into account, what its height and natural habit will be when mature, also how much space it will cover in the bed. When I planted mine

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the beds were so big, and the little seedlings so very small, that I did not realize how large they would be by and by, and set them much too near to each other. Also I did not take into account their future heights, and so planted short ones behind tall ones, and had to move them afterwards when they were too large to bear transplanting well, or else leave them in places where they ought not to be.

My garden has given me many an embarrassing surprise in the matter of growth. One little rose slip which I plucked in some one's garden as I passed by, without knowing what it was, and rooted in my cutting pan, was planted in a space which allowed for a shrub only three feet high and as many in circumference,—the size a good *Jacqueminot* might grow to, perhaps. Imagine my feelings when the strenuous little

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plant proved to be a *multiflora*, and stretched its vigorous shoots eighteen feet in all directions!

But I will own that all these ignorant mistakes on my part have caused me no grief, for my garden would have given me but half the pleasure had I known about things at the start. The experience won from horticulture is so gently and interestingly administered that it leaves no scars like that in other walks of life. And one enjoys even one's mistakes and ignorance because of the charm of discovering for one's self, afterwards, the right way, — as if it was all new to the world, and no one else had ever thought it out before! This kind of discovery makes one feel "wiser than the aged" at once. For as soon as one knows ever so little, it seems as if one had mastered the whole. Thus cunning nature

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leads us on, and does not let us guess that her secrets are inexhaustible and unfathomable, even though we lived and studied them through æons of time. Else should we be discouraged before we ever started, and give up in despair ere the first uncertain step was taken. It is only after we have reached a certain point of knowledge that the real truth about our ignorance is revealed. But by that time the charm of discovery has taken such a firm hold that, instead of being sorry that we know so little, we rejoice that there still remain such endless vistas of fascinating mystery to be explored.

How much I pity the people who, owning and living in magnificent country homes, adorned with trees and flowers, do not know any of the pleasure of cultivating them, and have no sense for, or knowledge

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of, their characters, habits, or individuality, but regard them merely as a species of extended table decoration. They lose half of the pleasure and enjoyment which their country places might yield them, and are like those other unfortunates who occupy an opera box night after night without any knowledge or appreciation of music. Such people regard nature and music alike, merely as agreeable settings for social functions. To the breadth and height, the glory, the mystery, and the inner meaning of these worlds of the soul they are deaf and blind.

But to return to the subject of this chapter; it is an important one, for by means of pruning one can force the majority of trees and shrubs to grow into any shape one pleases. Nevertheless, in simple floriculture such as mine, which does not

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seek to follow far those devious paths by which, I am told, the ingenious masculine mind persuades a tree to grow with its roots in the air and its branches in the ground, I think the best results are achieved by only a sparing use of the knife and shears. For one must know the how and why of pruning before one begins to snip, or one will cut off things that it will take nature a long time to replace. I admit, however, that the temptation is irresistible, when knife and shears are sharp, and one is in an idle mood and does not feel like work, and I know I cut off many a good shoot every summer that ought to have been let alone, not to speak of the slaughter of the innocents that I indulge in every fall. For, strange to say, next to seeing my garden grow, I enjoy cutting it down again ! This is a contradiction hard

ELEMENTARY PRUNING

to understand, but no doubt it is the stirring of the primeval savage which still lies dormant beneath the thin veneer of our modern civilization, ready to break loose on the smallest provocation !

One by one, however, my trees and shrubs are getting the better of me, and every year a few more are added to the number of those which are immune from even my clipping propensities, because they are large and symmetrical enough to be left to develop their own characteristic form without any more interference from me.

WILD GARDENING

CHAPTER VII

WILD GARDENING

THE gardening mania once fully developed is never satisfied, and having vanquished the wall at last, and planted as many other beds, large and small, as I thought the vicinity of the cottage would bear, I looked around for more worlds to conquer. I did not have to seek long, for an invitation presently came from a quiet nook, at some distance from the house, where, in the centre of a small bay of clearing indenting the edge of a forest of spruce and pine trees, stands sentinel a gigantic rock. From beneath this rock oozes a lazy trickle of water not to be

OUR MOUNTAIN GARDEN

dignified by the name of spring, but which keeps the adjacent ground moist, and in spots even boggy. The colours of the whole locality were a very deep, sombre green, and stone gray, and here, methought, the flames of cardinal flowers and tiger-lilies, naturalized amidst the tall ferns and grasses, would show forth wondrous well.

I knew better by this time than to try to plant them without due preparation of the bed. But digging in this spot was not for me, for the ground was covered with a mat of impenetrable roots, which could only be dislodged by a pickaxe in the hands of a very strong man. I summoned therefore two giants, — “Fafner and Fasolt” we called them, — fine fellows, both, with bronzed cheeks, close-cut curly hair, and muscles of steel; and with crowbars and pickaxes they tore off roots, and wrenched

WILD GARDENING

out rocks, and presently I had a strip of rich black mould with all the surface vegetation buried two feet below, and the top in the most inviting condition bulbs could ask for, and large enough for a couple of hundred of them.

And now where should I get the lilies to fill it with? Of course the simplest and quickest way would have been to send to the nearest nursery for them, but that would have taken away two-thirds of the pleasure of making the bed, and was not to be thought of in my scheme of gardening, and I preferred to let my bed grow slowly and surely as I had done with other plantings, and also to give myself time, as it grew, to learn the "tricks and manners" of these new friends and how to make them happy.

I must confess, however, that in this, as

OUR MOUNTAIN GARDEN

in some other instances, I was obliged to get a “starter” from the florist. But my order was as small as possible. Three double tiger-lilies, one Turk’s-cap, and six cardinal plants was its extent,—a modest quota for a bed fifty feet long! The friendly garden of a neighbour, which had so often yielded its seeds and cuttings to my needs, now offered me various kinds of ripened lily seed pods, and a handful of the tiny bulblets which grow at the leaf axils of tiger-lilies. All these were duly planted at one end of the big empty bed, and then I waited to see what would happen next, for I was by no means sure that any of them would grow in the shady nook where I wanted to have them, still less that they would survive the bitter mountain winter, or the frosts of the late spring. It was therefore with an anxious heart that I

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rushed to visit the bed on my arrival the following year, and it may be imagined how delighted I was to find that even the seeds and bulblets had sent up a tiny grass-like blade each, and that the cardinals and florist's bulbs were healthy and happy.

It may be laid down as a general axiom, that nature requires always three years in which to perfect anything. During the first year she devotes herself chiefly to the roots, in the second she develops the stalks and leaves, and by the third she is ready for flowers. Annuals are the only exception to this rule, for biennials will not blossom until the third year after the seed is matured, even though it is sown at once, and sprouts soon enough to get a good start before frost. And trees and shrubs, although they are not ready for flowers so soon

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as the third year, nevertheless assume then their ultimate habit of growth, and cease to look like crooked sticks. Shrubs in the third year generally send up big, healthy shoots, very different from those grown in the first two years, and make bushes of themselves; and I have grown trees by the hundred, in a richly manured nursery, which were ten feet high and perfectly characteristic in form by the autumn of the third year. And even in the wild, a seedling tree, if in a good location, will assume its permanent habit of growth in the third summer. So I say again, advisedly, that it takes nature three years to bring any hardy plant from the seed to the point where it is sufficiently matured to be "established." Nor is there the least use in trying to hurry her in the process—at

WILD GARDENING

least, not in the hardy garden of an amateur.

Having by this time learned this lesson, I did not trouble myself much about the progress of my lily bed, but turned my attention to other places until the three years of incubation had passed away. At last, however, they were over, and then came the reward which nature never withholds from those who love and labour for her. Each tiny bulblet and seed, which in the first year had sent up something hardly to be distinguished from a blade of grass, and in the second had put forth a puny stem with a few sparse leaves, was now showing a stout, full-grown stalk, topped with a cluster of handsome lilies. The florist's bulbs were now producing whole bunches of flower-crowned stalks, and the Turk's-cap carried off the palm,

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for its stalks were six feet high and bore a collective crop of one hundred and fifty blossoms! Each cardinal plant was now a family, with a dozen grandchildren growing at its feet, and, in short, my plantings had thriven and multiplied so well that I had now enough plants of each kind to fill the bed which had waited empty so long. Each plant was carefully lifted, and divided at the roots into its component plants or bulbs. A pleasant new place was made for the reception of these in the following manner. First a hole was dug about a foot deep, into this was put a layer of manure, a layer of dead leaves, and one of earth; then came the bulb, eight inches below the surface, and the rest of the hole was filled up with earth and topped with a good sprinkling of manure and a mulch of leaves. It

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took some effort to make up my mind to dig up all these dear lilies and cardinals, for neither of them take at all kindly to moving, and resent it for some time afterwards; but if I was ever to fill my bed, now was the time to do it, so I shut my eyes to their reproachful looks, and performed the distressing operation as considerately as I could, and I think in the end they will own that after all it was for the best!

And so my lily and cardinal bed became a reality at last; and although it is still far from finished, it is already so beautiful, shining out against the sombre background of evergreens, that it more than repays all my care. Late every autumn I lift and divide a plant here and there, and add a little to the size of the bed. And since I have discovered how well the lilies grow

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in this location, I am now ambitious to have many varieties of this lovely flower, and add to my stock each fall a few new kinds from the florists. The illustration shows my last experiment,—the golden lily of Japan, queen of all the lilies,—which bore great white flowers thirteen inches in diameter, and of the most delicious fragrance, last year.

The comfortable thing about lilies is that they do not like to be disturbed, as I have said, and so one is spared the everlasting digging up and dividing of plants which seems to be necessary for so many other flowers, and when once the bed is filled, one can leave them in peace for years except for fertilizing, cultivating, and mulching. This introduces a certain element of repose and finality into the atmosphere of the lily bed which is a pleasant con-



A BIT OF THE LILY BED
One Plant

WILD GARDENING

trast to the constant changes always going on in the other borders. By and by, when the lilies have become so firmly established that they can hold their own against the wild growths, I shall let the ferns and grasses creep in amongst them, and by that time I hope they will be so thoroughly in possession of the soil that they will grow, and spread, and blossom, like the brilliant patches of wild lilies which one sees flourishing on wild lands as one passes in the train.

This is the principle of what is called "wild gardening," namely, the embellishment of a wild locality with flowers which will establish themselves as wild flowers do, and become naturalized in the soil. The chief difficulty I have found here lies in selecting the kind of flowers to be planted—for the wild garden can only be culti-

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vated to a very limited extent, and it is useless to put flowers into it which are not hardy enough to fight their own battles.

Plants are a good deal like people, and they know perfectly well what they want, and where they want to be, and if you put them where they are discontented, they must be coaxed and pampered all the time, or they simply will not try. On the other hand, if they like the place they find themselves in, they will flourish under almost total neglect. I often think, in all seriousness, that the scientists of the future will discover that plants have something which corresponds to the senses of the human being, and perhaps even to his mind. I constantly meet with acts on the part of weeds and flowers which I can account for on no other hypothesis. For instance, it is no uncommon thing to find a weed tucked

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in close to a flower, which it imitates in appearance so cleverly that only a sharp eye will discover it there. The weed, being the hardier of the two plants, would, one would think, under the favouring circumstances of a cultivated bed, grow rankly in its own natural way and dominate the flower. Instead of this it will often adopt a habit the exact reverse of its natural way, and disguise itself completely. Dandelions in a well-kept lawn will keep every leaf so flat to the ground that the lawn-mower passes over them without cutting them. But if one grows next to an Oriental poppy in the garden, every leaf will stand erect, grow to its utmost length, and hold itself exactly as the leaves of the poppy do.

The cardinal flowers, spoken of a few pages back, are swamp-loving flowers, but I did not plant them in the swampy portion

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of the spot where the bed was made, as I wanted to naturalize some cat-tails there, but about twelve feet away from it. Nor have I ever allowed the flowers to go to seed, as I wished the strength of the plants to be given to the young sprouts. Nevertheless, in some mysterious way, the cardinals became aware of the little patch of swamp and contrived to throw six mature seeds into it. Every one sprouted and flourished with enthusiasm. How did the plant know the swamp was there? And by what means did it send its seeds into it? Not one seedling came up anywhere else in the vicinity. Many such instances as these could be given by every one who is much occupied with flowers, which seem to indicate some powers of vision and selection.

There are also many plants which give evidence of the sense of touch. The Boston

ivy, for instance, is a plant which loves to feel a cool stone wall under its feet, and warm sun on its leaves. If planted against an expanse of stone or brick, it will grow toward the sunlight. But if planted against a wooden wall, it will crawl off, away from the sun, into the shade, where the wall is cooler, even though it must go around a corner to do so. Apparently the feeling of the heated wood is so unpleasant to its little clinging feet, that it prefers to forego the sunlight on its leaves rather than stand the warmth under them.

A striking instance of this occurred in connection with a vine which was planted against a closely woven black wire trellis, about a foot away from the foundation wall of our house. The little plant soon discovered that there was a stone wall within reach, and as soon as it had touched the

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warm trellis its two shoots turned one to the right, and the other to the left, and grew all the way around the trellis, and so reached the cool wall behind, much to its comfort and satisfaction. These are, no doubt, matters which the naturalist of the future will work upon. For my part, I trust my plants do not feel everything, for I should find the necessary clippings and pullings-up quite impossible to accomplish if I thought they did!

The lily bed with which this chapter began is my most brilliant effort in the matter of wild gardening, but it is by no means the only one. My other plantings of this kind are less conspicuous, but no less dear to my heart, and, though they are still in the experimental stage, I have faith to believe that in time they will also fulfil my dreams in their behalf. In certain woodsy



WHERE LADY'S-SLIPPERS GROW

knolls and hollows, I have started colonies of lupine, columbine, anemones, lady's-slippers, trilliums, oxalis, etc. On open ledges I have planted, in the cracks and crannies of the rocks, harebells, edelweiss, euonymus, dicentra, and soapwort. Under a tall ragged spruce, broken by unkind winds and vandal hands, I have planted wild grape and woodbine, which I hope will some day festoon its torn branches and drape them with new beauty. By the brook and pond, cat-tails, gentians, wild violets, and marsh-marigolds are planted. And thus in each location I am trying to naturalize the flowers which somewhere grow wild in such a place. These little plantings are very inconspicuous; nevertheless I think a delicate blue harebell clinging to the face of a bleak ledge as beautiful in its own way and place as my flaming lilies

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and cardinals are in theirs, and I find it infinitely fascinating to coax these shy wild blossoms to take root and live with me.

It is, however, a long process to establish colonies of wild flowers extensive enough to make much spectacular effect. One cannot dig and prepare beds in woods and marshes, for the ground is matted with roots. Furthermore, if one did this, the wildness of the spot would immediately give place to civilization and lose its character. So the plants and seeds have to be coaxed to take root naturally in the soil, just as they find it, and make themselves at home.

All the assistance I give them in such places is some water, for a time, at the start, and afterwards a sprinkle of phosphate once in a while to encourage them. In the fall, if nature does not top dress



LUPINE ROCK — READY FOR WILD FLOWERS

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them with leaves, I do it for her; otherwise they are left to look out for themselves. If they utterly refuse to be happy and do well, I take them up after a year or two of trial, and plant them somewhere else, and by and by I am pretty certain to find a place where they will settle down at last and enjoy life.

The illustration shows one of many locations which has been prepared for wild flowers, and hundreds of little seedlings and tiny ferns are vigorously sprouting all about the large cleft rock already, but are still too small to show in the photograph. The blue lupine and the red and yellow columbine are the flowers selected for this place. The lupine is planted at the left, and around the upper side of the rocky mass, while the columbine has been given the cleft, and the lower edge

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at the right hand, and it is already evident that the lupine, at least, is interested in the place. I have tried for years to make this plant grow in other places, but it has always manifested a singularly unresponsive nature toward me, and do what I would, it showed me plainly that it was bored and discontented with us. In this spot, however, it has all at once waked up and behaves in a very different manner, so I confidently count on a very pretty sight in about three years from now, when the broken boulder is half buried in its delicate spikes of blue. I know full well how it ought to look, and can, if it chooses, for in a large neighbouring estate, "The Rocks," where wild gardening has been very extensively practised, this plant has been naturalized on a seemingly barren ledge, where it flourishes



GIANT BLUE LARKSPUR
Eight feet tall

WILD GARDENING

gloriously, growing and spreading as vigorously as if it was a weed, and covering the whole ledge with a cloud of blue.

Ferns, of course, are a constant source of beauty in the wild garden, and our place seems to be well adapted to their taste, in spite of being dryer than I should think a fern would like. And mosses, too, of many kinds, find themselves happy and contented, and spread green velvet covers over sunken rocks and fallen trees. Both mosses and ferns are very easy to transplant and naturalize, and even the delicate maidenhair fern—the daintiest and prettiest of all the ferns—and the yellow flowering moss—the richest of the mosses—adapt themselves obligingly to new locations at any time.

SOME PRACTICAL HINTS

CHAPTER VIII

SOME PRACTICAL HINTS

THE reader has long since discovered that this little sketch has been written by one whose horticultural knowledge is too slight to give instruction to others, and whose acquaintance with green things is limited to a small list of those which are of the simplest culture and hardiest growth. Nevertheless, it will perhaps be helpful to those who are satisfied to make this kind of a garden, if I give here a little summary of the practical methods by which I persuade my plants to grow. I apply the same formula to everything, because my plants are so nearly of the same general

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constitution that what is good for one is good for all.

In preparing a locality for the reception of plants, shrubs, trees, or vines, I first stake out the shape of the space I mean to have them occupy, then I dig a trench about two feet deep and one foot wide, across one end of its length, throwing the soil over the opposite side of the trench from that on which I stand. I then move back a step and dig a second of the same size, taking off the surface growth in small sods, and turning them upside down in the bottom of the trench already dug, and filling in the earth taken from under them, on top, till the first trench is full and a second one of the same size has been opened a foot in advance. This is continued till the entire bed has been trenched.

I think this easier than digging out the

SOME PRACTICAL HINTS

whole bed at once and filling it in afterwards, because one only needs to throw the earth a few inches, and does not have to handle it a second time to fill in again. I bury the sods, instead of merely taking them off and throwing them away, because the best of the earth is collected at their roots, and if buried deeply enough to prevent their sprouting again, the roots and leaves will soon rot into the soil and form a layer of fine, rich mould such as all plants dearly love, and which is as good as manure for most of them. For some, however, such as lilies, Japanese iris, etc., I add to this a layer of earth which has been mixed for my use with twice its bulk of manure, phosphate, and wood-ashes before filling in the natural earth, and afterwards I top off with a good layer of the same, well forked in and incorporated with the upper

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six inches of soil. The bed is then ready for seeds or plants.

Seeds are sown either in the early spring, or the fall, as the case may be. Such seeds as roses, or berries of any kind having a hard rind, must be sown in the fall, about a quarter of an inch deep, as they require the action of frost, and a long period of softening in moist earth, in order to germinate. The seeds of annuals are sown as early in the spring as possible, and are sprinkled over the patch of soft earth, a thin powdering of which is sifted over them, watered, and then pressed down firmly with a bit of board. Daily watering of these seeds helps them to sprout more quickly than if they are left entirely to themselves.

The seeds of hardy perennials I generally sow as soon as they are ripe, under the

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plant they grew on. This is an easy way of keeping in stock a constant supply of young plants. But care must be taken to transplant them or pull them out before they grow large enough to crowd the parent plant. I transplant all my seedlings of every kind and sort, even Oriental poppies, and never sow anything in its permanent place. The transplanting will put them back a little, but if carefully done will not harm them, and by doing it one is able to place each one to the best advantage, and it will do better in the end.

I am, however, very careful in transplanting. The best time to do it is late in the afternoon when the sun is low. And the seedling should be old enough to have a good vigorous root to sustain the shock of moving. In transplanting, a hole some inches in circumference must be made, and

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if the plant is one of which the roots spread, they should be carefully spread at the bottom of the hole like the spokes of a wheel. The plant should be set a *little* deeper than it was before it was taken up, but only a little, the spread roots covered with fine earth firmly pressed over them so as to touch every rootlet, to the depth of an inch or more, then enough water poured on with a sprinkler to saturate the earth above, and soak through to the roots below. After this the rest of the hole is filled with unwatered earth, in which has been *thoroughly mixed* a sprinkling of "phosphate," or wood-ashes, and which is pressed down with the fingers firmly, but very lightly. If the seedling is small, I cover it with a little umbrella made from a green twig with a few leaves on it, and do not remove the cover till the seedling

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begins to put forth a new leaf, thus showing that its roots are now established. A twig is a better kind of shade than a shingle, or flower-pot, because some sunlight comes through the interstices of its leaves, whereas the other keeps off all warmth entirely. I think an ideal shade for a seedling is the flower of the golden-rod; it is just the right size and shape, and lasts as long as it is needed.

In planting shrubs, vines, or trees I proceed in the same way as with seedling plants, but they are so much bigger and more sturdy that they will bear some additional touches. For the same reason, also, a woman cannot handle them herself, but must be content to limit her work to the supervision of a masculine assistant. After spreading their roots they are covered with six inches of soil pressed down with

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the feet, firmly, then comes plenty of water, and then a layer of dead leaves, grass clippings, or pine needles, finally a top dressing of earth well mixed with manure, and again pressed down with the feet. Everything should be pruned back a good deal when it is transplanted, so that there is not much more head above the ground than there is root below it. But judgment must be used as to where to prune. Plants having a central stem should have a large part of their leaves cut off. Those growing up in bunches, such as poppies or iris, should have the leaves cut in two. Trees should have some of their branches cut off altogether, and others merely shortened; vines should be cut back to within two feet of the roots, and shrubs should be shortened on every twig symmetrically. It is my custom to trim the plant I am

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transplanting moderately, and watch it for half an hour afterwards. If no leaves droop by that time, I do not trim it any more. But if either leaves or twigs show any sign of wilting, I cut them back to the fresh ones. It is understood that I am now speaking of young stock and seedlings at the age when transplanting is properly done. The transplanting of mature stock is a different matter, and is rarely done successfully by an amateur. It is better let alone.

For some time after transplanting it is my custom to shade and water small plants, and to water the larger ones. Especially is this necessary if there has been no recent rain and the ground is dry. In transplanting poppies I only attempt it "between the drops" of a rainy day, and I never take off their umbrellas

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till new leaves have started, and it rains again. They are the most difficult flowers to transplant that I have handled, but I rarely fail with them by taking the foregoing method. In the fall of the year it is my custom to cut off every flower and seed pod from my plants, and to remove all dead stems and waste matter from vines and shrubs, such as long straggling branches, dead twigs and leaves, and the like. I then fork the surface of the beds, remove the weeds, and have them covered with a good sprinkling of manure, and a mulch of dead leaves, lawn clippings, or pine needles.

I return so late in the spring always that the weeds have a fine start in all my beds before I get home, so when I arrive my first care is to fork them out, wholesale, and in the process the mulch of

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the previous fall is well forked into the soil, and soon becomes incorporated with it in the form of leaf mould, thus creating a rich, light earth which is of the best texture for new roots to push into. Each time I weed during the summer, I have by me a little pail filled with a mixture of equal parts of "phosphate," wood-ashes, and sand, and I sprinkle a light dressing of it under the plants or young shrubs, and fork it in in forking out weeds, and it stimulates their growth wonderfully. A single Shirley poppy treated in this way has yielded three hundred blossoms, and remained in bloom for many weeks; and I have grown hardy white mignonette three feet in height, and branched, almost like a shrub, in the same way.

I do not know the commercial name for this remarkable phosphate because I

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always procure it from a neighbouring farmer who merely calls it "phosphate," and nothing else. But it is a gray, pulverized material, which smells like the worst of pigs, and has to be kept in a covered box in the shed, because it quickly absorbs the moisture of the atmosphere if exposed to it, and loses its own virtue besides. It costs a dollar and seventy-five cents a bag, and one bag is all I use during a season. One can use it altogether, instead of manure, but in that case it should be put on and forked thoroughly into the soil three times during the season, as it has not the staying qualities of good manure, though it is more stimulating.

Great care must be taken in all fertilizing that the fertilizer used does not come directly in contact with roots or bulbs, for it will injure them. A layer of plain earth

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should always interpose above and below the roots, between them and the fertilizer, and in addition to this it should be thoroughly mixed with the soil — diluted, so to speak. Only in the fall, when the growing season is well over, have I found it advisable to have a top dressing of clear manure put on the plants. The winter, with its alternations of freezing and melting, will carry down into the earth the strong juices of the manure gradually enough to enrich the soil without burning the roots, but at other seasons fertilizers should be diluted by thorough mixing, and used in small doses. At least this is my method with my shrubs and flowers, and they seem to thrive under it well. But it must be remembered that in my garden there are no flowers to be found but those which are hardy enough to withstand the cold of a severe mountain

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winter, the nipping of late frosts, and the drought of midsummer. It is surprising how many beautiful shrubs and plants there are which fill these difficult requirements. I have as yet only a fraction of them all, and yet my list numbers a hundred and fifty kinds, and several varieties of each kind.

I have in my garden vines, trees, shrubs, hardy plants, wild flowers, annuals, and weeds. The latter I am very partial to, for if one gives a good weed the least chance it is so grateful, and so easily turned into a handsome flower. Only, look out for its seeds and runners, or you will regret your hospitality in taking it in! The weed nature lurks at its heart even though it be planted in the garden, and its millions of seeds and healthy runners will soon take possession of the whole place if allowed to.

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I do not let my cultivated weeds go to seed, or send out any shoots, and by this judicious snubbing I am able to keep them in their places, and make stylish ladies and gentlemen out of them, in appearance at least! What could be more effective, for instance, than a splendid, stately mullein, spreading wide its broad leaves of pale green flannel, and sending up a big candelabrum of yellow spikes? I have often wondered why the American makers of blankets did not copy the leaves of this plant, in both colour and texture. It would be delicious to nestle under such a delicate green flannel fluff of a cold winter's night!

Another splendid weed, very effective in shrubbery, is the giant cow parsnip. Its foliage is almost tropical, and its blossoms extremely handsome. Milkweed, fireweed, and many others, are equally striking, and

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well worth cultivating in the border, or the wild garden. The wild morning-glory is another charming weed. I plant it under certain shrubs which flower in early spring, and by the time their own blossoms have faded this pretty vine is ready to bedeck the shrub anew with its delicate pink wine-glasses. The common blue sand vetch will do the same thing if well dosed with phosphate, and fill any shrub with its blue clusters. In the fall both kinds of vines can be stript from the shrub they have climbed into, so that it is not at all injured by them.

In short, there is no end to the experiments one can try and the combinations one can make in a garden which is all one's own, and where one is undisturbed by the disapproving eye of a professional gardener.

A functionary of that sort always in



FOXGLOVES

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attendance is an effectual clipper of the wings of fancy, and ties one down monotonously to hotbeds, and borders, and conventional ways of horticulture. One must have a strong character indeed to run counter to his respectful disapproval! Equally disheartening is the cold and sceptical gaze of unsympathetic relations or friends, in whose eyes one is merely an eccentric person given over to wearing clothes of a strange and impossible kind, and with an inexplicable taste for menial labour. When I encounter this sort of an attitude I drop the garden at once, clothe myself in the habiliments of so-called civilized life, which preclude effectually my wandering far away from the piazza, and bring forth my fancy work. For, like "Elizabeth," I do not care to introduce my precious garden to the unrecognized eyes

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which glance carelessly at my favourite little fancies and remark, "That's an odd idea," and pass on to the next exhibition of my idiosyncrasy with amused toleration, or blank indifference.

For my part, I like to go my own wild way in my garden, and do things wrong, and find out my mistakes by myself, and I want no instructors beyond Robinson, Henderson, and Bailey, and am glad that even those worthies are well suppressed between their own book covers until such times as I am minded to call them out of my own volition. An encouraging husband who works out of doors himself, and is ready to praise one's failures, and prevent one from realizing that they are failures till they have developed into success, and a handy New England man of all work to lend a pair of expert arms

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when one's own are not equal to the task, are the two best aids I can think of in achieving a garden. Nature and Robinson, alone, will furnish all the instruction any one can ask for. I should never have dared to embark on my interesting ventures with weeds had not Robinson — the very wisest of all the Wise Ones — recommended them so respectfully by their botanical names, and pointed out how effective they could be in the right surroundings. But in the light of his encouragement even the Indian paint-brush — a dangerous invader to admit — is allowed a very small patch on which to display its vivid orange-coloured flowers.

GARDEN ENEMIES

CHAPTER IX

GARDEN ENEMIES

LEST my readers should imagine, from the rose-coloured hue of the foregoing pages, that garden-making is all “gas and gaiters,” I think it might be well, just here, to tell them something of the other side of this fascinating occupation, and post a warning in regard to the foes which lurk in ambush on all sides of one’s garden, ready and well equipped to destroy overnight what one has achieved during the day.

For every vegetable thing that grows, thrifty nature has provided a *raison d’être* in some insect that likes to eat it; and one

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of her most inscrutable mysteries is how, and by what wonderful gift of orientation, these little insect entities discover the advent of their several vegetable affinities in a garden.

It was, naturally, those useful and instructive elders which first introduced to me the hostile forces at work amongst my plants. For no sooner had they reached an edible size than a really handsome worm, clad in Nile-green velvet trimmed with white, arrived, and with sharp teeth and an apparently unbounded stomach went to work to absorb within his own proper person as much of my bushes as his time limit would allow. He brought his wife and a large and energetic family of children. I do not know to what size this creature is capable of growing, if left to himself, but as the summer went on, each member of

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his kind that I found was bigger than the one before, and even the biggest did not show the slightest sign of having as yet satisfied his appetite, or of being ready for the seclusion of his cocoon, and I finally concluded that if I wanted any of my elders left I had better remove the entire tribe without awaiting their final development. I have since regretted my haste in this matter, for I have reason to believe that these worms eventually turn into the beautiful "Luna" moths which do not multiply rapidly enough to threaten the garden seriously, and are, in my opinion, worth sacrificing a few shrubs for.

My method of dealing with this class of garden enemy is to have a small pail of the strongest and hottest soap suds, and to pick the worms off by hand and drop them in. It is not a pleasant operation, but at least

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the sufferings of the worms are brief, for one wiggle is all they have time to give before their little corpses sink unresistingly to the bottom of the pail. It is not enough, however, to go over a bush once in order to clear it of worms or insects, but it must be done every few days, the whole summer through, or, at least, until there is not so much as the ghost of one of them left. Otherwise when the following summer comes they resurrect, and one has it all to do over again, for just one healthy pair of insects will supply eggs enough on the shrub of their choice to colonize the whole garden. This is discouraging, but the labour of fighting worms and insects is immensely lightened by calling in a goodly company of birds.

At Felsengarten we take a great deal of trouble to attract the birds, by giving them



THE BROOK

GARDEN ENEMIES

food, bathing and drinking places, and nesting boxes, as well as by posting signs against hunters and keeping off the cats. They have now learned that my place is a sort of sanctuary for their kind, and they return every year in ever-increasing numbers. I have not the patience to observe their habits very closely, and there are many birds on the place which I have never seen, but have been told about by ornithologically-minded guests who prowl around with opera glasses. But even I have identified about sixty species of little feathered friends and helpers. Some of them are very numerous and so fearless that I could easily tame them to eat out of my hand if it were not for my little toy terrier, who despises birds and always comes barking around the corner at the critical moment. The birds have gauged the capacity of the dog with

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perfect accuracy, and are insultingly careless in their attitude towards her. There is one robin in particular, who is the special object of the dog's contempt, and who returns the sentiment in kind. When Tinkie — the dog — sees this robin absorbed in pulling a fat angle worm out of the lawn, she begins to prowl in a straight, stealthy line towards him, and endeavours to fascinate him with a basilisk stare, *à la* cat. Robin, meantime, cocks a scornful eye at the dog and pays no further attention to her, but continues his interesting occupation. Presently Tinkie — who is not much bigger than the bird — decides that the psychological moment has arrived, and gives what is intended for an annihilating pounce. But long before she alights upon her intended prey Robin has flown upward to a neighbouring branch, and sits there disdainfully

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looking down at his small foe, and calling her all the bad names of the robin vocabulary !

As for the other birds, they regard the dog just enough to keep out of her way on the ground, but have long since discovered that she can neither fly nor climb a tree, and need not be reckoned with more than two feet up ; also that she is not really hunting, and would not know what to do with a bird if she caught one, but gives chase chiefly to exhibit her own prowess and for the fun of seeing them fly. The chimney swifts even carry their bravado to the point of swooping down in a big loop till their wings almost touch her very head, and cackling facetiously at poor Tinkie's ineffectual leaps to nip them. Once, however, the dog had the laugh on her side, for a swift fell down the parlour chimney, after

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the manner of swifts, and in its fright and bewilderment at finding itself in the confinement of a room was easily captured by the triumphant Tinkie, and although she did not injure the bird she held it such a close prisoner in her sleeping basket that it was in a fair way to be smothered when I rescued it. This perpetual feud between the dog and the birds is an effectual bar to my making their intimate acquaintance — which is probably just what she intends. But perhaps it is just as well, for if they had too much confidence in me they would the more easily fall victims to the murderous propensities of man when they are away from Felsengarten on their long winter sojourn elsewhere. As it is, they have confidence in the place, at all events, whatever their opinion of Tinkie and myself, and are constantly flitting in and out

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among the shrubs and flowers, busily ridding me of voracious worms and gnawing beetles.

Another friendly company of assistants is to be found in the toads, frogs, and snakes, especially the former. Like Charles Dudley Warner, I should like to domesticate a family of healthy toads on every square rod of my garden, — except the lettuce patch. They would soon relieve me of all responsibility in regard to the worms and grubs within their reach. It is amusing to feed a worm to a toad, and does not distress the worm in the least, if one may judge by the serenity with which it views its impending fate. One has it on the end of a twig, and holds it directly in front of the toad's eye. Toady either don't or won't see it, but puts on an air of abstraction, as if such a thing as a worm was entirely beneath his notice. All at once he finds it

OUR MOUNTAIN GARDEN

impossible to keep up this appearance of indifference another second — “second” did I say? the minutest fraction of a second is more than time enough for his decisive action when once his mind is made up, and his snaky little tongue has been thrust out, the worm gathered in and swallowed, and he has resumed his former stolid air of indifference before you are even quite sure you have seen aright. As for the worm, it is his ultimate destiny to be eaten by something sooner or later, anyway, so we need not waste any sympathy on him.

But there are other enemies more difficult to deal with than the leaf-eating worms. One of the most exasperating of these is the repulsive white grub, which subsequently becomes the well-known “June Bug” — that big, stupid, black beetle which blunders into the house on warm June evenings,



ONE LUPINE PLANT

GARDEN ENEMIES

bumps around against the ceiling until he knocks himself senseless, and then falls onto the floor with a heavy thud. Still worse is a horrible brown worm, which turns into a fat moth with a mania for crawling around indoors and which is so difficult to kill that I prefer to catch it and put it out rather than go through with the disagreeable process. Both of these creatures live in the ground, and the first intimation of their presence one has is when some beautiful, well-grown stalk of phlox or sweet William suddenly droops and comes off in the hand at a touch. The vicious grub has girdled it just below the surface of the ground, and then crawled off, one knows not whither, until another wilted stalk marks its trail. When this occurs, I drop everything instantly, seize the first pointed implement I can lay hands on, and dig all

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around the roots of the plant in search of the destroyer. Often I discover it coiled up, enjoying a pleasant siesta after its last meal, and conveniently near to another nice juicy stalk which it has saved for the next. At other times I am too late, and the grub has already moved on. When this is the case, I water the plant, and others near it, with a solution of soap and tobacco. This discourages the grub and is good for the plant. Whether the grub is really killed, or merely goes away from that locality, I do not know, but it never attacks the plants in that vicinity again that summer.

Hardly less trying are the tiny aphids, green or black, which infest various kinds of plants and trees, and breed with such astonishing rapidity that they are almost impossible to exterminate. These little pests used to be eaten by the yellow warblers

GARDEN ENEMIES

which built in the syringa bushes when I was a child. I have seen one of these beautiful and friendly birds clear a big rambler rose of aphids in a single day, which had defied its gardener for the whole previous summer. Now, alas, these birds are very scarce, and the aphids are correspondingly troublesome. The aphids are doubly difficult to deal with because they are under the protection of the ants, whom they serve in the capacity of cows, and ants, as everyone knows, are not easily outwitted. The canny ants really milk the little tubes which protrude from the abdomens of the aphids, and are so extravagantly fond of the sweet liquid they afford that they take good care to preserve their cows from extinction. I have actually seen, on turning over a stone which covered the winter home of a colony of ants, a drove of these tiny green cows, care-

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fully stabled in one corner. No doubt the ants had kept them all winter, and intended to take them up the nearest shrub to pasture as soon as it should put forth its first spring leaves. Tobacco water is effective in killing this pest, provided one sprays the under side of the leaves before the aphids have worked on them long enough to make them curl. But after that period has passed no spray can reach them. Bordeaux mixture, with a dash of Paris green in it, is also fatal to the aphids, but I do not like to use poisonous compounds on my plants if I can help it, as they may also kill the birds. I have no doubt that the rapid disappearance of the birds in our city parks is largely due to the poisonous sprays everywhere in use as insect destroyers. Birds often drink the drops of dew on the leaves, and if these are impregnated with poison, it must kill them.

GARDEN ENEMIES

Another insect, the presence of which is due to the destruction of the birds, is the scale. There are two kinds of scale — the much-dreaded San José scale and the equally persistent and destructive oyster scale. It is the latter variety which attacks my apple and mountain ash trees, and I wage war on this almost invincible foe from spring till fall without any truce. The only time when one has any chance of conquering it is in the winter season, when the trees are bare of leaves; for the insecticide which kills the scale also destroys the leaves, and can only be applied in winter. As I am not on the place in winter, I do not attempt to save a tree of any size which has become infested by scale, but cut it down and burn it. But if the scale fastens itself on a small tree of which I can reach every twig, I paint the

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stems, from the ground up, with "scalecide" every few days, until they have all been exterminated, and then I do it some more so that if any vagrant home-seeking scale comes along, he will not enjoy the taste of that particular tree. By this means I have actually succeeded in banishing it from a few of the infected trees, but, truly, the scale is mightier than the paint brush, and I never expect to get the upper hand of it until I can persuade enough woodpeckers, creeping warblers, and nut-hatches to come and work for me.

Perhaps there is no enemy more persistent or difficult to hold in check — for conquer it you cannot — than mildew, or rust. When I see little powderings of white, here and there, or a general all-overishness of sickly yellow making its appearance on some cherished shrub or plant, my heart



PANSIES AND IRIS

GARDEN ENEMIES

sinks within me, for I know it means thorough and frequent spraying with Bordeaux mixture, and that makes the plant look worse than the mildew itself for the time being; for this famous mixture is an unhealthy looking blue liquid with a disfiguring sediment which dries in pale spots all over the leaves and does not come off for ages. But, ugly or no, one must use it freely and often, for it is the only way to cure mildew or rust and save the foliage of the affected plant. On the currant and gooseberry bushes I begin to spray with Bordeaux mixture, with a little Paris green added, even before the leaves come out at all, and keep it up until the blossoms begin to open. Then I stop until the bees have done their work of fertilization and the fruit shows signs of swelling, after which I give one final spray very much diluted and

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without the Paris green, and this generally keeps the plants in good order. The last spray must be applied immediately after the blossoms have faded, in order to give it time to wear off before the fruit is ripe. Otherwise one finds one's currants unpleasantly flavoured with copper, and quite unfit for use. Care must also be exercised not to spray while the blossoms are still fresh on the shrub or tree, because the poison in the flower will kill the insects and prevent them from fertilizing, in which case there will be no fruit. There are only one or two days between the fading of the blossoms and the swelling of the fruit, and it is only then that one can safely administer the final spray. Mildew and rust are, after the scale, the most difficult enemies I have to contend against in my garden, for they attack so many varieties of plants, and do

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their work so quickly and thoroughly. Not a leaf escapes their blighting touch on an infected plant, and if it is not quickly checked, all the foliage will soon turn black and fall, sifting, in its descent to the ground, the powdery germs of reinfection on the neighbouring plants.

There is, however, one drop of comfort in fighting garden enemies, and that is that one can conquer most of them by a persistent and thorough course of action. At all events, one conquers the particular species attacked (except scale and rust) sufficiently that it is not seen for several seasons afterwards. It is true that some new variety is sure to appear in its place, so that one is always kept on the rampage after something. But it is, at least, more interesting to wage war against new enemies than to be always ineffectively

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slaughtering the same old foe. Garden insects seem to travel for pleasure a good deal, and while there are some methodical bands which return to their old home on schedule time, there are others who just happen along, as it were, merely to spend the summer, like other White Mountain tourists. These, if exterminated, do not return.

A band of this class, which infested the clematis vines one year, were odious black creatures with long, heavy bodies and foolishly small wings, too weak to use. At first I found it impossible to catch them because, at the least jolt of the twig they were on, they had a trick of just letting go and rolling off into the grass below. I could not make any headway against them until I learned to put my little pail carefully under an infected twig and then joggle it gently. Immediately all the insects would

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let go and roll off as usual, but instead of dropping into the safe obscurity of the grass, as they intended, they dropped into immediate dissolution in my pail. I finally succeeded in exterminating these invaders and never saw them more under that form, though I am not sure but that a remnant of them came back the following season under the guise of certain ugly but very intelligent black worms who took up their abode on the willows. These were the only worms I have ever seen who displayed any powers of observation, or could reason logically from cause to effect. In their case it was not necessary for me to joggle the twig they were on before they thought of taking preservative measures, but they would note my approach six feet off and, scenting danger, would run away as fast as their many little legs would carry them! It was

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really comical to see a drove of worms suddenly stop eating and scramble for cover, and necessitated my shooting them at long range with the spray pump. It was the only time I have ever had to shoot worms, and I still think that they were clever enough to get out of range, and were really killed by the poison on the leaves when they returned to their interrupted repast. At all events I never saw their kind on the place again.

The foregoing enemies are all that give me much trouble in my garden. As for the rest, the birds eat most of them, or an occasional hour with the spray pump will keep them in check. Nevertheless I find it very necessary to watch every tree, shrub, vine, and plant constantly, for one can thereby often confine the depredations of an insect pest to a single plant or shrub.

CONCLUSION

CHAPTER X

CONCLUSION

AND so I counsel all who have a bit of ground, be it small or large, to start thereon a garden, without waiting for horticultural knowledge or instruction. Begin as I did, with a wheelbarrow full of black-eyed Susans; you have no idea to what charming acquaintances the Susans will introduce you! And above all, I advise you to do the work yourself as far as your physical strength allows. Dig and plant, weed and water, cultivate and prune, and haul your little cart of tools up hill and down dale, all with your own hands. It is astonishing how weak muscles will

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strengthen, pale cheeks turn rosy, stiff joints grow limber, and clogged lungs open themselves again to deep breaths of fresh air. But I must own that one cannot do this sort of work in fine raiment. All one's clothing must be loose and light and washable. I wear a short skirt of heavy gingham, an ordinary shirt-waist, calfskin shoes with broad soles and low heels, a shade hat, and gloves of my own invention, which are the only kind I have found which thoroughly protect the hands. To make them I buy a Dent driving glove about three sizes larger than I wear ordinarily,—men's gloves are the best for this because they are heavier and better made. I cut the wrist of the glove off just above the buttons, sew a little piece of kid into what remains of the wrist slit to close it, and then gather on an oversleeve of dark



A PRACTICAL WORKING COSTUME

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gingham like the skirt of my dress, which comes above my elbow over my dress sleeve and is held in place by an elastic run into the finishing hem. The glove is thus tightly closed everywhere, and no particles of earth can sift in over the top, and work down into the finger-tips, as is the case with any glove which either opens at the wrist or stops below the elbow. Three or four pairs will carry me through the summer, and they keep the hands perfectly protected and in excellent condition. In clothes of this description it is easy to do many kinds of work which would be impossible in conventional garb, but it must be admitted that they are sadly lacking in style!

I vividly remember one occasion upon which the sacred groves of Felsengarten were fanned for a few days by a breeze

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from the fashionable world. A gay, but well-beloved friend spent a week recuperating with us, between a spring at the Buffalo Pan-American Exposition, and a summer at Bar Harbor, and with her came, of course, all the paraphernalia indispensable to a sojourn in those localities. When I beheld the cargo of vast trunks which followed the carriage that brought her from the station my heart sank, for I did not know exactly how they could be taken up our narrow staircase, or where, even if that engineering feat was accomplished, they could be bestowed afterwards. I looked cheerful, however, and remarked persuasively, "My dear, you won't need all those clothes here, of course; suppose we just have that trunk" (pointing to the biggest one) "stored in the woodshed while you are here?" "O dear no, not *that* one!"

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she cried in horror. "Why, that is full of my French hats, I couldn't have that one left in the shed!" "Well, then, this one," said I, indicating the next in size; but that proved to be stuffed with precious gowns. The others contained other daily necessities, and one and all must be lodged under the immediate hand of her maid, where they could be accessible at all times. Fortunately we live in Yankee-land, and so are not without resources in such an emergency. I believe we improvised a derrick, and hauled them up outside, and in through the second story hall window, and, by dint of dotting them all through that story, they were at last housed to the satisfaction of their owner.

Never, before or since, has Felsengarten experienced such wondrous toilets as succeeded each other in bewildering procession

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from out these magic boxes! Such lace wrappers — such frilled and furbelowed morning gowns — such stylish driving costumes — such flowing tea-gowns — such spangled and embroidered dinner dresses! It got to be quite exciting, each day, to see what was coming next, and to note the artistic *crescendo* which was consistently carried through, from breakfast till supper, in those costumes which, like the verses of a poem, led from one to the other in æsthetic progression.

In the meantime I clung to my gingham skirt and shade hat, and we jeered scornfully at each other's clothes, and enjoyed each other immensely. When she came out on to the lawn I would fall to digging furiously and offer her a spade, upon which she would walk off majestically, and presently reappear in another and still more

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beautiful costume, and offer me a lace parasol to protect my complexion from the sun! Ah, in the sweet presence of nature how gayly one laughs at such little nonsense, and how congenially the spade and the parasol leaned together against a rustic bench all the afternoon, while their owners enjoyed one of those delightful long talks about nothing, which are so dear to the hearts of real friends!

This sort of episode, however, is like the traditional angels' visits, few and far between, at Felsengarten. Generally our friends come provided with a goodly suit of old clothes, and seem to take quite kindly to digging and weeding with us. So I do not hesitate to commend these primitive methods of gardening to my readers.

And while you cultivate your flowers,

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I pray you look overhead for the little friends in feathers, and watch amongst the stones and bushes for the bright eyes of those in fur. Let all unharmful creatures live and be happy, as is their right. In my opinion hunting for mere pleasure — or, as it is called, “sport” — is a relic of barbarism which is unworthy of the civilization of the twentieth century, and ought to be dropped. When one considers it honestly, what is it after all? It is the deliberate enjoyment of the torture and murder of living creatures who are helpless to escape; and its brutalizing influence is proven when it is remembered that the more cruel it is the better the “sport” is considered. To catch a common fish for food is only “fishing”; but when a great tarpon fights for his life for hours, with a hook tearing at his

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entrails, it is "splendid sport." To shoot a deer in the camp is pleasant, but no sportsman will deny that it is far more delightful to hunt it down for a long time with dogs first! What wonder is it that when human beings find their pleasure thus, they do not hesitate to sacrifice the lives, and, what is worse, the souls of helpless children in mills, and mines, and factories?

At Felsengarten no living thing is harmed save as a last resort, when there is no other way of preventing it from doing harm. And so the wild creatures are so fearless and friendly that they come almost to our hands. Indeed, it has happened to me several times that they have come, literally, to mine, and taken food from it.

When I see that "winged jewel," the ruby-throated humming-bird, poise appar-

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ently motionless in the air before me, and sip honey from the flowers in my hand, I marvel that any woman can endure to see it dead, transfixed and distorted on her hat. I know of no prettier picture than these atoms of life and motion fluttering about the tall spikes of blue larkspur, planted for their pleasure. Or the gentle, tender goldfinches, always in pairs, clinging to the long, swaying stems of ripened grasses, daintily pecking off the tiny seeds and conversing together, the while, in soft, cooing tones. On Sunday mornings in August, at about church time, they generally come around the house and sing deliciously for an hour or so. How they know that it is August, or Sunday, I cannot say, but they do know it, and that is their time for giving their best performances. After seeing these exquisite little



THE BIRDS' TABLE



THE BIRDS' BATH-TUB

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creatures where the great Creator placed them, how miserable it is to see them stuffed and stuck to an eternal perch behind the glass doors of the collector's case!

It is of absorbing interest to note the birds and their pretty ways, each so individual and characteristic of its kind. One day a pair of cedar-birds alighted on the table usually devoted to the pugilistic finches, who were carrying on their customary quarrels over every mouthful. The cedar-birds are very aristocratic and well bred, and exceedingly particular in matters of deportment. Mrs. Cedar-bird was evidently too shocked to eat, and each time a pair of finches showed signs of pecking at each other, she would move away a trifle, like a fine lady drawing her skirts away from those of a scrubwoman, and stare loftily at the offenders, as one who would say, "What

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manners,—and at the table, too!” She refused to eat the finches’ food, and presently her husband brought her a berry from a neighbouring bush, and after eating that she flew away in disgust. Next day they came again, and it was evident that the lady had complained to her husband of the ill-breeding of the objectionable birds, for her gallant better half chased the finches off, and would not permit one of them to alight as long as his wife chose to remain. Such little scenes are often enacted for the eye which is watching for them.

And the pretty fur wearers—what would our place be without their shy and timid presence? The saucy squirrels in the trees, who tease my poor little dog to the verge of distraction, and order me out sharply to bring their breakfast when I am

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late ! The funny little roly-poly woodchucks, like baby bears, waddling hurriedly under the nearest pile of stones. The rabbits wandering down from the forest to nibble off my best plants as if they owned the earth. The foxes loping craftily across the lawn. And oh, the excitement of finding fresh deer tracks on some newly turned patch of earth !

I confess these wild creatures are not too particular where they walk, nor what they eat on their shy visits to my garden, and are as likely to nibble off my prize lily as anything else, causing me thereby some anguish of spirit. But, after all, the harm they do is not very great, whereas the pleasure they give me by their wild, yet friendly presence is, and adds immeasurably to the interest of our place. I would not like to say how many hours I have spent

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watching the squirrel family in the tree near the house. They were indescribably funny, and nothing more valiant ever was seen than a very small robber squirrel whom we called Fitzsimmons, for obvious reasons. He came every day to steal nuts and fought them all successfully, single-handed. I have seen that little champion fight five full-grown squirrels at once from the nut shelf, and never once was he vanquished! He would come and take nuts out of my hand, not because he was at all tame, but simply because he was sublimely "cheeky," and if I did not hold the nut very carefully, he had a diabolical trick of biting first, to make sure of my dropping it! Imagine killing such a funny little scamp as that! I once saw a woman's cloak which contained the skins of a thousand gray squirrels. It made me quite ill to look at it and think



"FITZSIMMONS" AT BREAKFAST

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of all the pretty creatures that had gone into its vast superfluities. A thousand painful deaths in one garment—I had as lief wrap myself in a shroud as wear such a ghastly robe as that.

But I have wandered out of my garden, though not far, and now I will return for the closing word.

This little sketch is not intended as an instruction book, for there are many books written by experts which tell the whys and wherefores of gardening far better than I am fitted to do it. I have written it chiefly because no one else has written of a garden so simple, inexpensive, and thoroughly home-made as mine. A garden may cost a fortune (I know of one where the roses alone are worth twenty thousand dollars), or it may be had for almost nothing, like mine. But

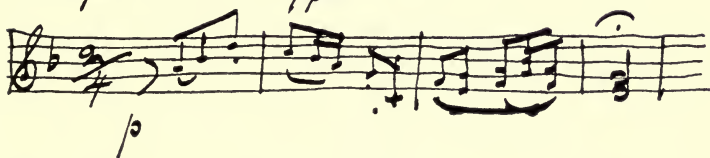
OUR MOUNTAIN GARDEN

whether it be great or small, whether it contains acres of rare plants, or consists only of touches of colour on a bleak mountain side, it will bring to her who works in and loves it, and is intimately acquainted with its life and growth, peace and contentment of heart, an absorbing interest of mind, and health and vigour of body. And when the call of duty brings her back in the autumn to the strenuous life of the city winter, she will find herself so strengthened and refreshed by her long summer of contact with nature, that life will have a new meaning to her, and she will bring to her work, whatever it may be, a new earnestness of purpose and sincerity of heart.

Theodore Thomas.



Allargo ma non troppo.



LIST OF
SHRUBS, VINES, FLOWERS,
AND WEEDS CULTIVATED
IN MY GARDEN

LIST OF SHRUBS, VINES, FLOWERS,
AND WEEDS CULTIVATED IN MY
GARDEN

SHRUBS

- Barberry. *Berberis Canadensis*.
Barberry. *Berberis atropurpurea*.
Barberry. *Berberis Thunbergii*.
Barberry. *Berberis vulgaris*.
Blackberry, wild.
Cherry, flowering.
Cotoneaster. *Pyracantha Simonsi*.
Cranberry, high-bush. *Viburnum Opulus*.
Currant, wild.
Currant, wild black. *Ribes floridum*.
Dogwood. *Cornus sericea*.
Elder, black. *Sambucus Canadensis*.
Elder, red. *Sambucus pubens*.
Euonymus. *Euonymus latifolius*.
Euonymus. *Euonymus radicans*.

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- Golden bell. *Forsythia suspensa*.
Golden bell. *Forsythia Fortunei*.
Gooseberry, wild. *Ribes Cynosbati*.
Hydrangea. *Paniculata grandiflora*.
Hydrangea. *Arborescens*.
Laburnum. *Laburnum vulgare*.
Laurel, mountain. *Kalmia latifolia*.
Laurel, sheep. *Kalmia angustifolia*.
Lilac. *Syringa vulgaris*.
Lilac. *Syringa vulgaris alba*.
Mock-orange. *Philadelphus coronarius*.
Quince, Japanese. *Cydonia Japonica*.
Raspberry, flowering. *Rubus odoratus*.
Rhodora. *Rhodora Canadensis*.
Rose. *Crimson Rambler*.
Rose. *Moss*.
Rose. *Multiflora*.
Rose. *Persian yellow*.
Rose. *Rugosa alba*.
Rose. *Rugosa rubra*.
Rose. *Semi-double Scotch*.
Rose. *Sweet brier*.

PLANT LIFE IN MY GARDEN

Rose. *Wichuraiana*.

Spiræa. *Bumalda*.

Spiræa. *Douglasi*.

Spiræa. *Lanceolata*.

Spiræa. *Physocarpus opulifolia*.

Spiræa. *Trilobata*.

Spiræa. *Van Houttei*.

Sumach. *Rhus glabra lanciniata*.

Wayfaring bush. *Viburnum lantanoides*.

VINES

Climbing fumitory. *Adlumia cirrhosa*, var.
purpurea.

Grape, wild. *Vitis cordifolia*.

Honeysuckle. *Lonicera Belgica*.

Honeysuckle. *Lonicera hirsuta*.

Partridge-berry. *Mitchelle repens*.

Perennial pea. *Lathyrus*.

Trumpet-flower. *Bignonia radicans*.

Virgin's bower. *Clematis Jackmani*.

Virgin's bower. *Clematis paniculata*.

Wild morning-glory. *Convolvulus Sepium*.

Woodbine. *Ampelopsis quinquefolia*.

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HARDY PERENNIAL FLOWERS

- Bee balm. *Monarda didyma*.
Bell-flower. *Campanula pyramidalis*.
Bell-flower. *Platycodon grandiflorum*.
Beard-tongue. *Pentstemon Digitalis*.
Blazing star. *Liatris cylindràcea*.
Bluebell. *Campanula barbata*.
Candytuft. *Iberis sempivirens*.
Cardinal-flower. *Lobelia cardinalis*.
Columbine. *Aquilegia*.
Cone-flower. *Rudbeckia laciniata*.
Daisy, English. *Bellis perennis*.
Foxglove. *Digitalis*.
Iris. *Germanica*.
Iris. *Kaempferi*.
Iris. *Versicolor*.
Larkspur. *Delphinium*.
Lily, American Turk's cap. *Superbum*.
Lily, dark red. *Elegans atropurpureum*.
Lily, double tiger. *Plenescens*.
Lily, golden Japanese. *Auratum*.

PLANT LIFE IN MY GARDEN

- Lily, Madonna. *Candidum*.
Lily-of-the-valley. *Convallaria majalis*.
Lily, orange. *Maculatum*.
Lily, orange-red. *Davuricum*.
Lily, pink and white. *Roseum*.
Lily, salmon-red. *Batmanniae*.
Lily, scarlet. *Concolor*.
Lily, Siberian coral. *Tenuifolium*.
Lily, single tiger. *Tigrinum splendens*.
Lily, Turk's cap. *Scarlet Martagon*.
Lily, yellow. *Aurantiacum multiflorum*.
Lupine. *Lupinus*.
Lychnis. *Lychnis Chalcedonica*.
Lychnis. *Lychnis Haageana*.
Pea, perennial. *Lathyrus latifolius*.
Phlox. *Phlox decussata*.
Pink. *Dianthus*.
Poppy. *Papaver orientale*.
Primrose. *Oenothera fruticosa*.
Rhubarb. *Rheum palmatum*.
Rose-mallow. *Hibiscus Moscheutos*.
Soapwort. *Saponaria officinalis*.

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Spiræa. *Filipendula*.

Stone-crop. *Sedum Maximowiczii*.

Sweet William. *Dianthus barbatus*.

Tickseed. *Coreopsis lanceolata*.

Vetch, blue. *Vicia Cracca*.

WILD FLOWERS AND WEEDS

Anemone. *Japonica*, var. *Honorine Joubert*.

Black-eyed Susan. *Rudbeckia hirta*.

Bunchberry. *Cornus Canadensis*.

Butter-and-eggs. *Linaria vulgaris*.

Butterfly weed. *Asclepias tuberosa*.

Cat-tail. *Typha latifolia*.

Dogbane. *Apocynum androsæmifolium*.

Dutchman's breeches. *Dicentra Cucullaria*.

Edelweiss. *Leontopodium alpinum*.

Everlasting. *Gnaphalium*.

Fire-weed. *Epilobium angustifolium*.

Foam-flower. *Tiarella cordifolia*.

Gentian, closed. *Gentiana Andrewsii*.

Giant cow-parsnip. *Heracleum lanatum*.

Goldenrod. *Solidago*.

PLANT LIFE IN MY GARDEN

- Gold-thread. *Coptis trifolia*.
Hardhack. *Spiræa tomentosa*.
Harebell. *Campanula rotundifolia*.
Indian-pipe. *Monotropa uniflora*.
Indian-root.
Jack-in-the-pulpit. *Arisæma triphyllum*.
Jerusalem artichoke. *Helianthus tuberosus*.
Jewel-weed. *Impatiens biflora*.
Joe-Pye-weed. *Eupatorium purpureum*.
Lady's-slipper. *Cypripedium parviflorum*.
Lady's-slipper. *Cypripedium spectabile*.
Marsh-marigold. *Caltha palustris*.
Meadow-rue. *Thalictrum*.
Milkweed. *Asclepias Syriaca*.
Mullein. *Verbascum Thapsus*.
Orchids. *Habenaria psycodes*.
Primrose, evening. *Oenothera biennis*.
Smilacina. *Smilacina racemosa*.
Sneezeweed. *Helenium autumnale*.
Solomon's seal. *Polygonatum biflorum*.
Squirrel corn. *Dicentra Canadensis*.
Twin-flower. *Linnæa borealis*.

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Violet, dogtooth. *Erythronium Americanum*.

Violets, wild (blue and white).

Wake-robin. *Trillium erectum*.

Wake-robin. *Trillium grandiflorum*.

Wood-sorrel. *Oxalis Acetosella*.

Wild aster. *Aster Novæ-Angliæ*.

Yarrow. *Achillea Millefolium*.

In addition to the foregoing, I have a considerable number of unidentified plants, which I have collected by the wayside as I found them ; and I also raise every summer a few varieties of annuals.

PLANTS ADDED SINCE THE FOREGOING LIST WAS COMPILED

Aster. *Tataricus*.

Bleeding Heart. *Dicentra spectabilis*.

Blood Root. *Sanguinaria*.

Bluebell. *Campanula carpatica*.

Coral Bells. *Heuchera Sanguinæa*.

Crown Vetch. *Coronilla*.

Forget-me-not. *Myosotis*.

Gaillardia. *Aristata*.

PLANTS IN MY GARDEN

- Globe Thistle. *Echinops Rito.*
Golden Glow. *Rudbeckia laciniata.*
Harebell. *Campanula rotundifolia.*
Hyacinth.
Hydrangea. *Arborescens.*
Iceland Poppy. *Papaver nudicale.*
Johnny-jump-up.
Larkspur. *Delphinium Chinense.*
Lily, Day. *Hemerocallis flava.*
Lily. *Henryi.*
Myrtle. *Vinca minor cœrulea.*
Pansy. *Many varieties.*
Peony. *Six varieties.*
Phlox. *Paniculata.*
Phlox. *Subulata.*
Poppy. *Papaver nudicale.*
Ribbon Grass.
Rose. *Baby Rambler.*
Rose. *Clotilde Soupert.*
Rose. *Farmer's.*
Rose. *Frau Karl Druschki.*
Rose. *Paul Neyron.*

OUR MOUNTAIN GARDEN

Scylla. *Siberica*.

Shasta Daisy. *Chrysanthemum leucanthemum*
maximum.

Snowberry. *Symphoricarpus racemosus*.

Speedwell. *Veronica spicata*.

Thermopsis. *Carolina*.

Tulip. *Many varieties*.

Violet, White. *Viola Canadensis*.

Virgin's Bower. *Clematis Virginiana*.

Virginia Fringe Tree. *Chionanthus Virginica*.

